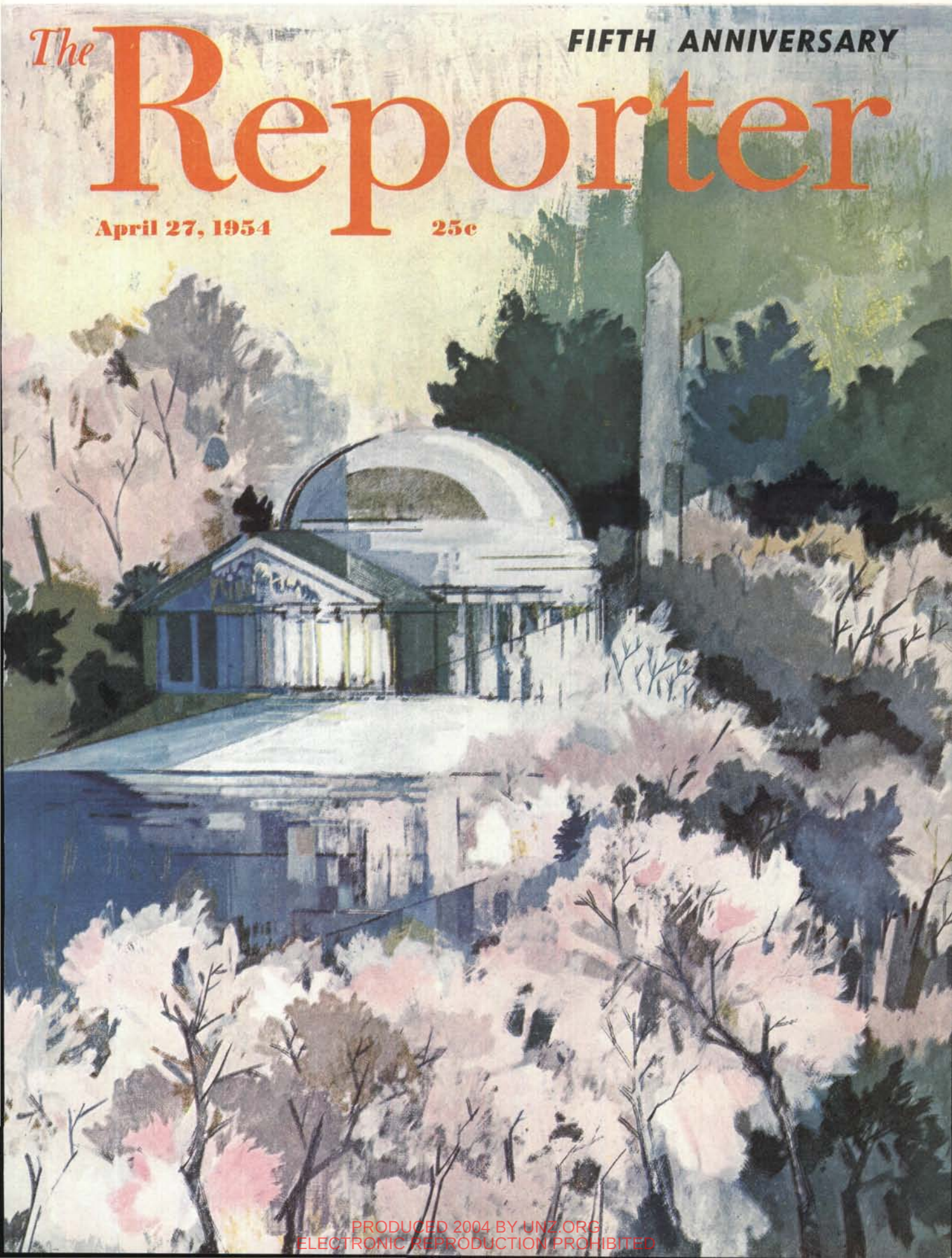
GENEVA AND POINTS EAST

The Reporter

FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

April 27, 1954 25c



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRICE TEN CENTS
The Listener
Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England
In this number:
The American Attitude of Mind (Harold Nicolson)
Play and Display in the French Theatre (Pierre Schneider)
The Other T. S. Eliot (John Lehmann)

A UNIQUE PUBLICATION

The Listener — the weekly literary journal of the British Broadcasting Corporation — is truly in the select class of unique publications. Week by week, unfettered by political bias, it reproduces the best of the talks—broadcast by the BBC to millions of listeners—by leading authorities on world affairs, art, science, literature, music, philosophy, and other major topics. For your leisured reading you will find no better companion than The Listener. New books are regularly reviewed in its columns and each season a special book number is produced which is included in your subscription.

New verse by eminent poets, and a weekly digest of world opinion on current affairs, are among other regular features of The Listener.

Here indeed for *you* is a personal investment in good reading.

Recent contributors have included

The Rt. Hon. ANTHONY EDEN, M.P.
J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER
SIR HAROLD NICOLSON
PROFESSOR A. L. GOODHART
BERTRAND RUSSELL
LORD TWEEDSMUIR
GILBERT MURRAY
SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE
T. S. ELIOT
SOMERSET MAUGHAM

USE THIS COUPON NOW

Every week for 52 weeks
THE LISTENER will bring you unbiased news and views on world affairs
for only $5.00
There are special rates for 2 years ($8.50) or three years ($11.50)

To: BRITISH BOOK CENTRE,
420 West 45th Street, New York, 36, N.Y.

Please register my subscription to THE LISTENER *immediately for* ☐ *1 year* $5.00 ☐ *2 years* $8.50 ☐ *3 years* $11.50. *I enclose* _____

Name _____ Address _____

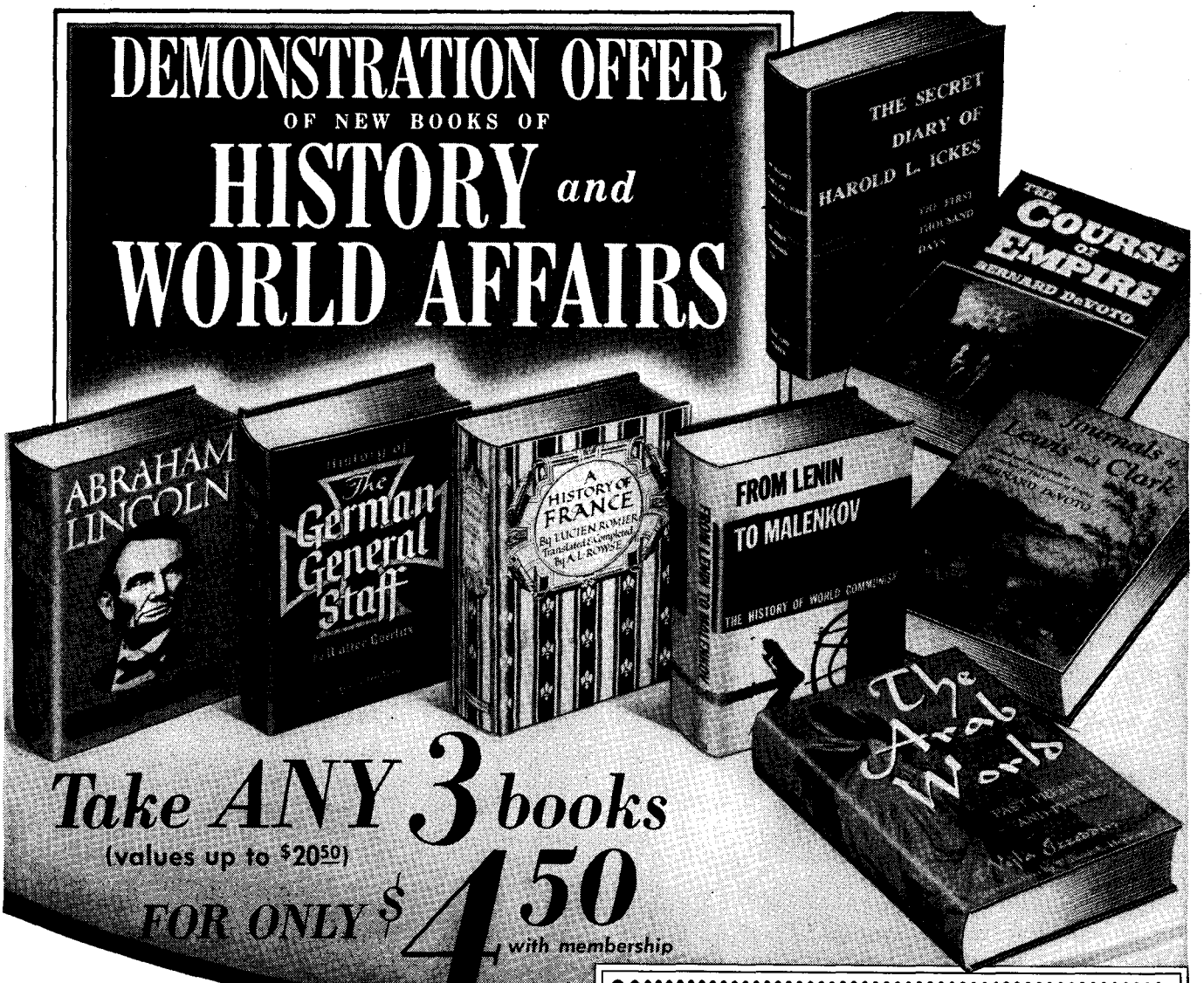
_____ City _____ State _____

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEMONSTRATION OFFER

OF NEW BOOKS OF

HISTORY *and* WORLD AFFAIRS


THE SECRET DIARY OF HAROLD L. ICKES
THE COURSE OF EMPIRE
BERNARD DeVOTO
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
The German General Staff
A HISTORY OF FRANCE
By LUCIEN ROMIER
FROM LENIN TO MALENKOV
THE HISTORY OF WORLD COMMUNISM
The Journals of Lewis and Clark
The Arab World

Take ANY 3 books

(values up to $20.50)

FOR ONLY $4.50 with membership

Only the original HISTORY BOOK CLUB offers you *so rich a variety* of distinguished new books!

HERE is an amazingly generous *demonstration offer*—to prove how much you'll enjoy the RICH VARIETY of important new books of history and world affairs you can get at *cash savings* through the History Book Club.

The volumes pictured above sell for up to $7.50 each in publisher's editions. But you may choose ANY THREE for a *total* of only $4.50 if you join the History Book Club on this unusual offer!

A Unique Book Club

The original History Book Club is unique in two ways. First of all, your selections are not restricted to United States history; you have your choice, as well, of the very best new books that deal with other parts of the world—with their history, politics, and people.

Second, this is the ONLY club whose books are chosen by a distinguished Board of Historian-Editors.

As a member, you take only the books you want, and you save real money on them. (Last year, members saved an average of $3.28 on each selection, including the value of their bonus books!)

Other Membership Advantages

Every selection is described to you in advance in a careful and objective review. You then decide whether you want the book at the special member's price. If you don't want it you merely return a form (always provided) and it will not be sent. You may take as few as four books a year, and resign any time after accepting four such books.

You receive a valuable Bonus Book at no extra charge, each time you purchase four selections. In addition to current selections, a large number of other important books are *always available to you* at special money-saving prices.

Choose any THREE of the books pictured above for only $4.50. Then mail your coupon without delay.

Which 3 do you want for only $4.50 with membership?

MAIL ENTIRE COUPON TO:

The HISTORY BOOK CLUB, INC., Dept. R-4
45 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Send me at once the three selections I have checked below, two as my enrollment gifts and one as my first selection, and bill me only $4.50 plus a few cents for postage and packing. Forthcoming selections will be described to me in advance, and I may decline any book simply by returning a printed form. You will send me a valuable FREE BONUS BOOK each time I purchase four additional selections or alternates. My only obligation is to accept four selections or alternates in the first year I am a member, and I may resign at any time after accepting four such books. **GUARANTEE: If not completely satisfied, I may return my first shipment within 7 days, and membership will be cancelled.**

CHECK YOUR 3 BOOKS HERE

☐ **FROM LENIN TO MALENKOV:** The History of World Communism. *By Hugh Seton-Watson.* Masterful history of Communist power in Russia and the world—and of the ruthless men and women who control it now. *List price: $6.00.*

☐ **HISTORY OF THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF** *By Walter Goerlitz.* The most feared and respected military geniuses of all times—their personalities, triumphs, and fatal miscalculations, from Clausewitz to Rommel! *List price: $7.50.*

☐ **ABRAHAM LINCOLN** *By Benjamin Thomas.* Hailed by reviewers and by Lincoln experts as the "best one-volume life of Lincoln" in recent times! Illustrated. *List price: $5.75.*

☐ **THE COURSE OF EMPIRE** *By Bernard DeVoto.* Breathtaking story of the westward surge of the American Frontier! "The best-written book about the West since Parkman," says Henry Steele Commager. Many picture maps. *List price: $6.00.*

☐ **THE SECRET DIARY OF HAROLD L. ICKES.** Frank, violent, behind-the-scene record of the Roosevelt administration. Crowded with un-retouched word-portraits—ranging from Hopkins and Wallace to Huey Long and General MacArthur. 752 pages. *List price: $6.00.*

☐ **A HISTORY OF FRANCE** *By Lucien Romier.* Exciting panorama of Kings, Emperors, poets, courtesans, revolutionaries and statesmen! Maps and pictures. *List price: $6.50.*

☐ **THE ARAB WORLD:** Past, Present and Future *By Nejla Izzeddin.* Unusual "inside picture" of today's seething Arab world, struggling to recover its lost unity. Illustrated. *List price: $6.50.*

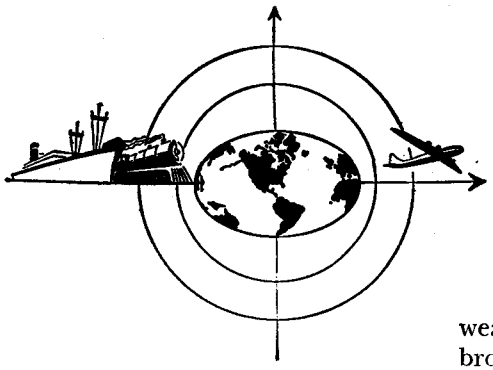
☐ **THE JOURNALS OF LEWIS AND CLARK** Edited by *Bernard DeVoto.* One of the most unusual adventure documents ever written. Breathtaking personal account of the search for the Northwest Passage. Many picture maps. *List price: $6.50.*

Name .....
(Please Print)

Address .....

City ..... *Zone* ..... *State* R-4

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Shock Wave from Bikini

The two H-bombs detonated last month in the Pacific inflicted incalculable damage upon our country. Something much more important than all the tuna in all the oceans has been poisoned. We can see the evidence of this in the revulsion that the two explosions have set off among the British, the French, the Indians, the Indonesians—practically all the people on earth.

Yet it is difficult to see how anybody who is not a Communist agent can object to our manufacturing H-bombs and then testing them. Given the universally admitted fact that the Russians were working on such weapons, the head of the U.S. government had no choice but to give the word. Incidentally, the man who gave the word was Harry S. Truman.

All the rest had to come; and the awe, the bewilderment of our leaders, the "unbelievable" blurted out by Secretary Wilson in describing the force of the hydrogen blast, the President's admission that the blast "must have surprised and astonished the scientists"—all this should have endeared these leaders of ours to people everywhere in the civilized world. Our Administration is not in the hands of men likely to play Russian roulette with the survival of the planet.

Then why is there such excitement? Why doesn't the evidence of the human, perhaps too human, nature of our leaders bring men and women everywhere closer to them? The answer, we are afraid, is not to be found just in the perfidy of Communist propaganda. Rather, it is in the fact that this Administration has widely publicized a strategy featuring the use of atomic and hydrogen weapons. These weapons may be brought to bear on the enemy, it is said over and over again, whenever we feel provoked. As the Russians, too, have "hydrogen devices" it is no wonder that our allies or the uncommitted nations see in the Bikini experiments not just a test but a rehearsal.

AS THE OPENING of the Geneva conference approaches, the waves of fear rolling out from Bikini are ever mounting—and it is fear of us. Secretary Dulles, in announcing the policies he is going to follow at Geneva, has been talking very tough. There should be nothing unusual in this, for it is quite logical for a skillful diplomat to ask the highest possible price for whatever concession he may have to make, or even to state at the beginning that he is going to make no concession.

There is fear all over the world that Secretary Dulles may mean exactly what he says—or rather, may mean what Senator Knowland thinks when he endorses Mr. Dulles. If Mr. Dulles, instead of being a hard bargainer—the harder and the tougher the better—sticks to his absolute "No's," if he doesn't consent to any pact with Asian Communists in order to save Indo-China and stop Communism in Asia, then the deadly fusion of the absolutes may ensue. The uncompromising "No" of American diplomacy sounds terribly ominous to ears that have recently been blasted by the Bikini bangs.

THE SINGULAR ADVANTAGES OF HAVING NO RESPONSIBILITY

I would hate to be Mrs. Luce
And take all the abuse;
It certainly would be hell
To have to be M. Laniel.
I can't see the pleasures I'd cull as
John Foster Dulles,
And least of all would I like
To be Ike;
But it might just conceivably be
Fun to be H. S. T.

—SEC

IN THE MEANWHILE, Georgei Malenkov from the walls of the Kremlin has started a ludicrous "Operation CANDOR" of his own and is warning people everywhere that civilization—what we still call Christian civilization—must not be destroyed.

In—and On—the Spot

Everyone knows the old circus routine in which the clown tries to get into the spotlight but the spotlight is always a jump ahead of him and he chases it, stumbling and tumbling, and he would so much love to be in it, but it always evades him and then it picks out the beautiful girl on the trapeze way up high in the tent, and the clown is left standing below in final disappointment. The point of the act is the clown's discovery that he cannot control the spotlight. And now it is Senator McCarthy who is making the same discovery.

The circus routine is reversed. For Senator McCarthy wants to get out of the spotlight—just for a little while, of course. He has ordered it turned on Cohn and Adams, on the little quarrel these little men are having about a trivial character named Schine, a quarrel with which he prefers to be unconcerned. He will let the spotlight operator know when he wants the spotlight back.

For men in public life the press is the spotlight. And the press has refused to turn the spotlight off. The press is not taking orders. Day after day, the Washington *Post and Times Herald,* the St. Louis *Post Dispatch,*

Postmaster: Please send notice on Form 3578 and returned copies under label Form 3579 to Fortnightly Publishing Company, Inc., 220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. THE REPORTER, April 27, 1954, Volume 10, No. 9. Entered as second-class matter at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published every other Tuesday, except for omission of two summer issues, by Fortnightly Publishing Company, Inc., Washington & South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Editorial & business offices, 220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Copyright 1954 by Fortnightly Publishing Company, Inc. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription price, United States, Canada, and U. S. Possessions: One year $5, Two years $8, Three years $10. All other countries: One year $6, Two years $10, Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new addresses. Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service.*

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How can these magnificent Nature Guides be sold at only $1 each?

THE SIX extraordinary books shown on this page represent a precedent-breaking value.

Each has 112 to 150 superb color plates, accurate to the most minute detail. The text has been prepared by the country's outstanding naturalists to help you identify, understand, and enjoy the varying aspects of nature's big show.

Why the price is so low

These nature guides have been made as beautiful as the most modern methods of color engraving and printing could insure. The reason for their enormous value is simply the huge size of the printings—made possible by the enthusiasm of the American book-buying and nature-loving public. With a normal first edition of 10,000 copies, these books would retail at from $3 to $5 per copy. But the 75,000-100,000 printing of each book lowered the unit cost to a point at which the publishers were able to employ the highest standards and yet produce these books for as little as $1.

Tributes from experts

Golden Nature Guides have been in wide demand among such organizations as the National Audubon Society, the Boy and Girl Scouts of America, museums and schools. Critics and experts have acclaimed these books as the finest nature guides ever published. Here are a few of their tributes:

***"Birds** is one of the finest introductions to bird study in many years."* —NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY

***"Stars** is by far the best guide to the constellations in existence."* —DAVID DIETZ, *Science Editor, Scripps-Howard Papers.*

*"Surely there has never been a better book on **Insects** at the price."*—E. S. THOMAS, *Ohio State Museum.*

***"Flowers** is a wonderfully helpful aid to beginners."*—FARIDA WILEY, *American Museum of Natural History.*

***"Trees** is accurate and superlative."*—R. W. BURNETT, *University of Illinois.*

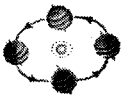
Each of these lovely pocket-size volumes is printed in four colors throughout, firmly bound in heavy laminated paper covers. Each is a book that brings you impeccably accurate information.

Send no money

You have to see the books for yourself to realize what a stunning value they are. Ask for them at your bookseller's. Or order on the coupon and pay the postman when he comes. If you're not 100% delighted, return the book or books within 10 days for refund. Write to Simon and Schuster, Dept. 7, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

☞ GOLDEN NATURE GUIDES *are also available in a de-luxe cloth edition at $1.50 each. See coupon for special gift set.*

BIRDS. Identifies 265 species; 112 full-color plates; 128 silhouettes, range maps. Endorsed by Audubon Society. *By Dr. H. S. Zim and Dr. I. N. Gabrielson. Illus. by J. G. Irving.* $1



STARS. A guide to the constellations, sun, moon, planets, meteors, comets. 150 color paintings, constellation maps. *By Dr. Herbert S. Zim and Dr. Robert H. Baker. Pictures by James Gordon Irving.* $1

FLOWERS. 134 paintings, arranged by color for quick reference, show 200 common wild flowers. Range maps. *By Dr. H. S. Zim and Dr. A. C. Martin. Illus. by Rudolf Freund.* $1

INSECTS. 225 species in full-color. Habitat pictures, structure diagrams, range maps. *By Dr. H. S. Zim and Dr. Clarence Cottam. Pictures by James Gordon Irving.* $1

TREES. Leaf-shape Key identifies 150 species. Over 100 full-color plates. *By Dr. Herbert S. Zim and Dr. Alexander C. Martin. Pictures by Dorothea and Sy Barlowe.* $1

REPTILES AND AMPHIBIANS. *Just out.* Full color paintings identify 212 species. Range maps, family trees. *By Dr. Herbert S. Zim and Dr. H. M. Smith. Illustrated by J. G. Irving.* $1

To Your Favorite Bookseller, or

Simon and Schuster, Dept. 7, 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 20

Please rush me the GOLDEN NATURE GUIDES I have checked below. I will pay postman for the book(s) plus few cents postage. If not delighted, I may return my purchase within 10 days for refund.

	BIRDS	STARS	FLOWERS	INSECTS	TREES	REPTILES
Regular edition $1						
De-luxe cloth $1.50						

☐ *Gift set of all 6, de-luxe cloth $8.95*

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

☐ SAVE MONEY. If you prefer to enclose remittance, *we* will pay postage. Same return privilege.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUST PUBLISHED

A Handbook for Puzzled Parents and Tired Taxpayers

How to Judge a School

By WILLIAM F. RUSSELL

President, Teachers College, Columbia University

Confronting the barrage of critical writing on the failures of public education, this book offers a breath of constructive sanity as to why, what and how present methods are used and favorable results obtained. Here parents will find helpful approaches to sound ways of judging their schools and their methods. "Should be required reading for the citizens and parents to whom it is addressed."

—MARGARET LEWISOHN, Public Education Association. $2.50

Presenting the Work and Philosophy of 54 Distinguished Artists

The Modern Renaissance IN American Art

By RALPH M. PEARSON

"A brilliant piece of work . . . I should urge any layman who attends an exhibition of modern art to fortify himself with Pearson's book. It will double his pleasure and quintuple his understanding."

—ALVIN JOHNSON, President, New School Associates. $6.50

At your bookstore or from

HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. 16

the New York *Times,* the New York *Herald Tribune,* and others—McCarthy's "left-wing" press—relentlessly restate the terms of the real controversy, which is between McCarthy and the Army and not between Cohn and Adams. Patiently these great newspapers print and reprint the incontrovertible evidence of the record that establishes McCarthy's responsibility for that controversy and his involvement in it. The spotlight never loses McCarthy; he cannot wriggle out of it. In one of their finer hours the foremost newspapers are proving that they are the nation's conscience.

'They'

The temporary benching of Senator McCarthy gave Senator Jenner's Internal Security Subcommittee a chance to start a new series of hearings. His first witness was Spruille Braden, a portly gentleman who spent stormy years as a U.S. ambassador in Latin America and later as Assistant Secretary of State.

In a statement submitted for the record, Mr. Braden set out to expose the "pattern" of "the assault on our security through the infiltration and collectivization, bit by bit, of our government.

"Swarms of state-interventionists," wrote Mr. Braden, "have been injected or absorbed into the agencies having to do with our foreign operations. Behind them, in the wings, developing and pushing plans, infiltrating not only our political structures, but education, the press and elsewhere, exists an unidentifiable, but nonetheless effective 'THEY.' "

In the hearing, Mr. Braden recited his many attempts to warn others in the State Department about "They." But his warnings were unlistened to.

"My feeling," said Mr. Braden, "was there were relatively few Communists, but there were an awful lot of State interventionists, collectivists, 'do-gooders,' misinformed idealists, and what-not that were easily led and were in effect the puppets of the unknown.

"I say 'unknown'; we do have Hiss and White and some of those names coming out now, but they were the puppets of those people. That very definitely is my feeling and it is the feeling of why I am so alarmed today about the future of this country.

SENATOR WATKINS: Do you not think there has been a reform since that time?

MR. BRADEN: I haven't been able to see it. I don't think so . . .

SENATOR WATKINS: Do you know how to get rid of them?

MR. BRADEN: . . . I think this committee, as I state in the statement, should continue its work in order to expose not only the Communists, but all of these other people that are around . . .

[The transcript shows that no member of the committee took exception to this definition of what the committee had been doing and should keep on doing.]

SENATOR WATKINS: Can you give us the information as to the names of those who are influencing that?

MR. BRADEN: I can't give the names . . . I can't tell who's responsible.

THE CHAIRMAN: He cannot name names, but it is our job to look into the pattern of operation.

SENATOR WATKINS: I certainly have the right to inquire if he knows the names.

MR. BRADEN: I don't know the names today.

SENATOR WATKINS: He said there were a lot of the same people that were there who were around today.

MR. BRADEN: I see them around.

LATER ON there was confusion about the term "young Soviets." The press generally reported that Braden testified that "young Soviets" were still pulling wires in the State Department. But in reply to questions from Mr. Sourwine, the committee counsel, Braden finally made clear that in speaking of "young Soviets" he was talking about meetings in his own office that were dominated by people he disagreed with.

MR. SOURWINE: . . . Do you usually use the word [Soviet] to mean "meeting"?

MR. BRADEN: No, I used that in a sense that these people were against private enterprise, against our system and way of life, generally.

MR. SOURWINE: These people? Who?

MR. BRADEN: The ones who came.

MR. SOURWINE: Who were they?

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MR. BRADEN: I can't give you the names. In my statement that I have asked to put in here I refer to an unidentifiable "they." That unidentifiable "they" covers all of these people.

THE CHAIRMAN: We want to thank you for your cooperation and we feel sure your evidence has been very beneficial.

THE *Encyclopaedia Britannica* defines persecutory paranoia as follows:

"This form is characterized by delusions of persecution. . . . Suspicions regarding the attitude of others take possession of their minds. . . . The extraordinary prevalence of this imagined conspiracy may lead the patient to regard himself as a person of great importance. . . ."

Gangsters, Unite!

The Communist Party's cynical contempt for the welfare of the proletariat has been demonstrated once more by the *Daily Worker's* editorial endorsement of the discredited, gangster-ridden International Longshoremen's Association. As Sanford Gottlieb's article on page 28 points out, the ILA's attempt to rule or ruin the Port of New York during March was not a strike for better wages and working conditions but a desperate life-or-death struggle to prevent the AFL from cleaning up the docks so that honest men can earn a living there. In this struggle, the *Daily Worker* backed the ILA from start to finish.

"The unionists of America are disgusted," it declared on March 26, "with the despicable role of the little clique of AFL scab-runners whose determination to smash the ILA knows no bounds. . . . Even a gangster can look with scorn upon scab-runners who hide behind a union card."

Both the ILA and the AFL say they are against Communism. But it will be remembered that Joseph P. Ryan, former president of the ILA, was indicted a year ago for misusing $11,390 of the union's money (which Ryan said had gone into a special fund to support the fight against Communists). It is easy to see why the *Daily Worker* prefers this kind of anti-Communism to the kind that begins with security and prosperity for working people.

The end or the beginning for Karen?

At three, Karen is already weak and undernourished. Her barracks-like home in Salzburg, Austria, is damp and draughty. Her meals are meager—meat and butter almost unknown. New clothing and needed shoes are an unthinkable luxury. Her father, a very old man, is an auxiliary worker whose income is enough only for the vital necessities of a barren everyday existence.

Because of her weak condition, Karen cannot move too rapidly, and so she plays with a cardboard box that she calls her doll house. Her artistic fingers keep it neat and clean, as her vivid imagination weaves childhood fantasies. In a city famed for music and song, her future could be bright and promising, but it is already clouded by stark poverty. It can be the end, rather than the beginning for Karen, unless she has shoes and clothes to replace her tattered and outgrown ones—that she may survive.

WILL YOU PLEASE HELP KAREN?

You can help Karen or another needy child through the Federation's CHILD SPONSORSHIP plan. For just $8 a month, $96 a year, SCF will send "your" child warm clothing, sturdy shoes and other needed items—delivered in your name in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy, Lebanon, or Yugoslavia. Or you can sponsor a child in Korea for $10 a month.

You will receive a case history, like the story of Karen, and if possible, a photograph. You can write your child or the parents, and be their friend. You will know how much your generosity means to them.

A contribution in any amount will help

SCF NATIONAL SPONSORS *(a partial list)*

Faith Baldwin, Mrs. Mark Clark, Mrs. J. C. Penny, Norman Rockwell, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, Gladys Swarthout, Mrs. Earl Warren, Herbert Hoover, Henry R. Luce, Thomas J. Watson

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION **Established 1932**

Carnegie Endowment International Center, United Nations Plaza, New York 17, N. Y.

- I would like to sponsor a child in .....(country) for one year. I will pay $96.00 for one year (or $8 a month) or $10.00 a month for a Korean child. Enclosed is payment for the full year.....first month..... Please send me the child's name, story and address, and picture if available.
- I cannot sponsor a child, but I want to help by giving.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Contributions to Save The Children Federation are deductible from income tax.

You may help a needy child in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy, Lebanon, Yugoslavia. RE-1

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charles A. Beard

Edited by

HOWARD K. BEALE

An Appraisal of Beard's life and work by twelve outstanding men who knew and admired him. Eric F. Goldman, the late Harold J. Laski, Arthur W. Macmahon, and George S. Counts discuss the personal side of Beard; Max Lerner, Luther Gulick, George Soule, Richard Hofstadter, Walton Hamilton, Merle Curti, George R. Leighton, and Mr. Beale examine his influence. *$4.50*

The Verbal Icon

By W. K. WIMSATT, JR.

Fourteen *Studies in the Meaning of Poetry* by one of the nation's leading literary critics, and two preliminary essays written in collaboration with Monroe C. Beardsley. The first section exposes as fallacies some prevalent approaches to the critical object. In the second, Mr. Wimsatt defends literature as a form of knowledge. Another group of essays deals with problems of style, and lastly, the author discusses the broad relationships of literature. *May. $4.00*

Order from your bookseller

UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY PRESS, LEXINGTON

CORRESPONDENCE

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

To the Editor: Congratulations to *The Reporter*. It has made a great contribution to contemporary opinion and will have, I am confident, a long and increasingly useful life. I am an addict and also a subscriber.

ADLAI E. STEVENSON
Southern Pines, North Carolina

To the Editor: Congratulations to you and to *The Reporter* magazine on its fifth anniversary. In its short life it has shown itself a great organization of character, filling a vital area in which discussion was urgently needed in the interests of our country and the free world. *The Reporter* has given us with careful documentation the situations and cases upon which our times are being constructed. I have found *The Reporter* "must" reading for a complete picture of the foreign and domestic scene.

I wish, too, to compliment you upon your editorials and singleness and continuity of their purpose in terms of the power and moral attributes of our country's leadership which they have constantly emphasized and developed. The singleness of the theme pursued by *The Reporter* is indeed the singleness of the whole struggle for world peace and prosperity, and its documentation in reason and fact entitle *The Reporter* to deep appreciation of all of us in government.

J. K. JAVITS
House of Representatives
Washington

To the Editor: *The Reporter* is a great voice of journalistic objectivity at a time when that quality is lacking on the part of so many periodicals in our country.

WAYNE MORSE
U.S. Senate
Washington

To the Editor: I should like to add my warm congratulations to the many you will undoubtedly receive on the fifth anniversary of the founding of *The Reporter*. Your forceful, dramatic, independent presentation of news of national and economic affairs has been a valuable addition to the field of magazine journalism, and I wish you continued success in your venture.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS
U.S. Senate
Washington

To the Editor: Your success in serving as a forum of alert liberal information for five years is evidence of good writing, good reading and good thinking.

HUGH SCOTT
House of Representatives
Washington

To the Editor: Permit me to congratulate *The Reporter* on its fifth anniversary. It has proved itself a journal ably edited and of fine courage. In its dedication to truth, it is rendering a great service to our country and to all peoples who love freedom, justice, and peace.

LISTER HILL
U.S. Senate
Washington

To the Editor: *The Reporter* has paved some new and valuable roads in the field of journalism. With its very special type of reporting and commentary it is making a unique contribution toward public opinion on various questions and issues relating to public and international affairs. May your magazine have a long and successful life.

PETER FRELINGHUYSEN, JR.
House of Representatives
Washington

To the Editor: I understand that *The Reporter* is celebrating its fifth birthday in April and I couldn't let the opportunity pass without expressing my pleasure with the magazine and the interest with which I look forward to reading it. It is a very interesting, worthwhile publication which I find useful in my work.

CLINTON P. ANDERSON
U.S. Senate
Washington

FROM THE PENTAGON

To the Editor: "The Army at Bay" by Theodore H. White in your issue of March 30 was one article I was not going to miss. Mr. White has done a good job, I believe, in presenting some viewpoints and explanations that could not be expressed so well, or at all, by men in uniform. I am sure that it will contribute to a better understanding of the Army's problem of dealing with suspected subversives, and to increased confidence in the Army's ability and desire to protect the United States without riding roughshod over the rights of individuals.

DAVID M. FOWLER
Colonel, G.S.
Deputy Chief of Information
Department of the Army
Washington

THE A.D.A. REPLIES

To the Editor: One of *The Reporter's* Notes in the April 13 issue describes A.D.A.'s "embarrassment" with the Senatorial candidacies in New Jersey of Clifford Case and Charles Howell, and in Kentucky of Alben Barkley and Senator John Cooper. If this be embarrassment for A.D.A., we could only wish for more of it in thirty-three other Senatorial races where the electorate must make their choice next November.

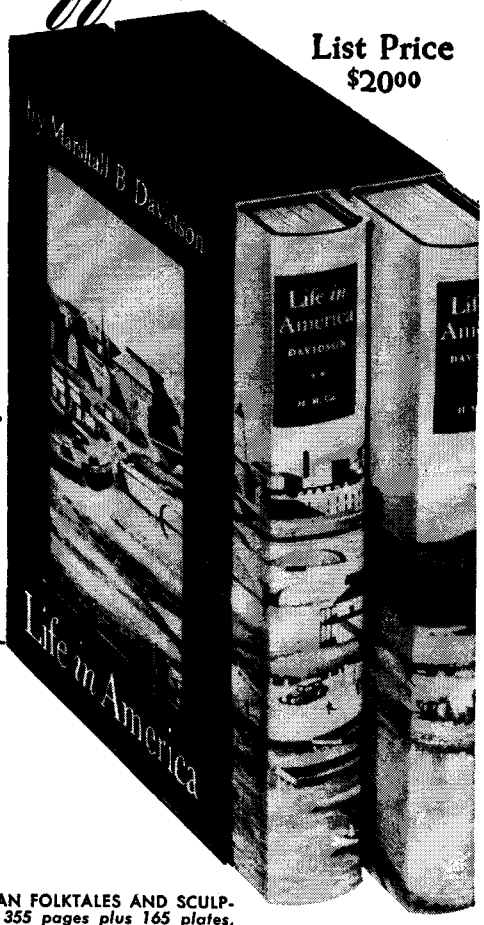
The New Jersey A.D.A. is very proud to have played a role in the recent gubernatorial election in that state. The election of a liberal Democrat to the State House as well as to Congress from Clifford Case's vacated seat obviously was a determining

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Remarkable Offer . . .

Yours as a FREE Gift for joining

List Price $20.00

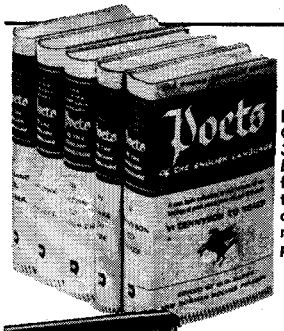


LIFE IN AMERICA, in two beautiful boxed volumes, published in association with the Metropolitan Museum of Art and written by Marshall B. Davidson, was more than six years in writing and more than three years in design and production. It has more than 250,000 words, and its 1200 illustrations comprise a glorious gallery of American woodcuts, paintings, lithographs, etchings and drawings. This handsome set, which has been a very great event in publishing history, the greatest word and picture record of American life ever published, sells for $20.00—yet you can receive it FREE as a gift for joining the Seven Arts Book Society.

Beautiful BOOKS IN PAINTING, MUSIC, THEATRE, ARCHITECTURE, POETRY, DANCE, SCULPTURE . . . *at Substantial Savings!*

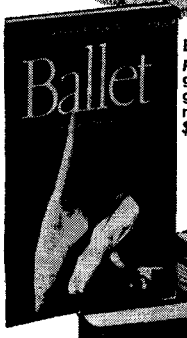
The Seven Arts Book Society is an organization devoted to selecting the most beautiful and authoritative books in the arts at substantial savings for its members. The volumes pictured and listed on this page—at the special membership prices—are just a small sampling of the many titles made available each year. And a member need take only 4 books—books of his own choice—during the course of a year.

Take advantage of this remarkable offer by filling out the coupon below—*now.*

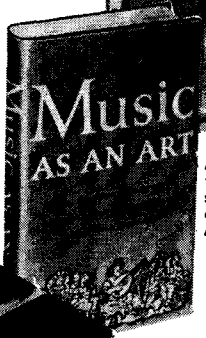


POETS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. *5 volumes, more than 3200 pages.* The whole range of *both* British and American poetry, from Middle English to Modern times—"the best and *most useful* anthology of English poetry ever made." *List price $12.50, Members' price $8.00.*

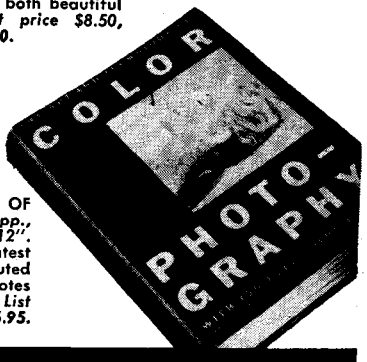
AFRICAN FOLKTALES AND SCULPTURE. *355 pages plus 165 plates, 9¼" x 12¼".* Published for the *Bollingen Foundation, this lavishly produced volume* is both beautiful and scholarly. *List price $8.50, Members' price $7.00.*



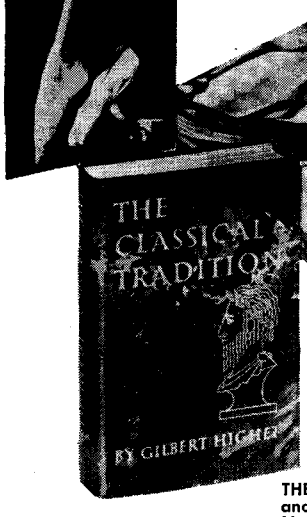
BALLET. *110 pp. plus 101 full-page plates.* Seymour's masterful photographs recapture the rhythm and grace of famous dancers in their most glorious roles. *List price $10.00, Members' price $5.50.*



MUSIC AS AN ART. *344 pages.* A vivid and lucid contribution to musical understanding, for layman and musician alike. *List price $6.50, Members' price $5.00.*

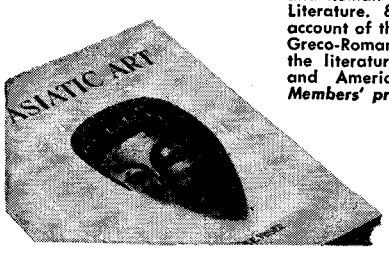


THE ART AND TECHNIQUE OF COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY. *225 pp., 195 full-color plates, 10" x 12".* Seventeen of the world's greatest camera artists have contributed their finest color plates and notes on their respective techniques. *List price $10.00, Members' price $6.95.*



MICHELANGELO, Paintings, Sculptures, Architecture. *228 pp., 300 plates, 9" x 12".* This lovely Phaidon art book is the only *complete* edition of Michelangelo's paintings, sculptures and architecture. *List price $8.50, Members' price $6.95.*

THE CLASSICAL TRADITION, Greek and Roman Influences on Western Literature. *800 pages.* A brilliant account of the chief ways in which Greco-Roman tradition has shaped the literatures of modern Europe and America. *List price $7.50, Members' price $5.00.*



ASIATIC ART. A remarkable gallery of art masterpieces and a fascinating reference text on the entire field of Asiatic Art. The reproductions are a triumph of engraving and printing. *List price $30.00, Members' price $14.95.*

Your name and address in the coupon below will enroll you as a member

The Seven Arts Book Society, 215 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I will accept a minimum of 4 books a year, which I may choose from the Society's illustrated brochure sent to me each month. I may cancel my membership at any time after taking 4 books. Send me the 2-volume **LIFE IN AMERICA** (list price $20.00) free, and the first selection checked below at the Special Membership Price indicated (plus 24c postage and handling).

	List Price	MEMBERS' PRICE
☐ AFRICAN FOLKTALES AND SCULPTURE	$ 8.50	$ 7.00
☐ MUSIC AS AN ART	6.50	5.00
☐ MICHELANGELO	8.50	6.95
☐ BALLET	10.00	5.50
☐ COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY	10.00	6.95
☐ ASIATIC ART	30.00	14.95
☐ THE CLASSICAL TRADITION	7.50	5.00
☐ POETS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE	12.50	8.00
☐ WOODCUTS OF ARISTIDE MAILLOL	18.00	5.75
☐ AMERICAN BUILDING	5.00	3.00
☐ THE THEATRE	8.50	6.00

R-B-54

Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

SEVEN ARTS BOOK SOCIETY

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The critics say

A VISUAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

"is by far the **best general history** of the United States this reviewer has seen . . . makes easy the attainment of the basic facts."—BUFFALO COURIER-EXPRESS

"**dramatizes** . . . does not oversimplify."
—INDIANAPOLIS NEWS

"**Impartial** and pithy."—NEWARK, N. J. NEWS

"Clear and effective . . . it has accomplished the remarkable feat of visualizing ideas . . . A **brilliant** piece of work."
—GILBERT SELDES

". . . It is a **tremendous** piece of work."
—CARL LUNDQUIST, UNITED PRESS

No matter who you are—student, teacher, business man or homemaker—you will get a clear picture of U. S. History, enjoy it more, and remember it longer when you LOOK at it in the pages of this remarkable book.

A VISUAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
—with 80 *large* (8½" x 11") pages of pictographs, pictorial maps, visual diagrams, and graphic stories in two colors by **GRAPHICS INSTITUTE;** 75,000 words of comprehensive narrative by **HAROLD U. FAULKNER,** Professor of History, Smith College. $5.00.

ORDER YOUR COPY TODAY

TO: your bookseller, or
ABELARD-SCHUMAN, INC., Dept. R-4
404 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Please send me ..... copies of A VISUAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES @ $5.00 each. I enclose $..... in check or money order.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

factor in the selection of Mr. Case for the Senatorial race by the same party which, a year ago, refused to back him for the governorship. New Jersey Republicans have learned the hard way that liberalism is good politics. It is the job of independent liberal voters, such as those who make up the A.D.A., to influence the political parties to put forth candidates worthy of public support. Far from being embarrassed by this success in New Jersey and in Kentucky, A.D.A. hails this as hopeful sign in a period of all too few such evidences of bipartisan political wisdom.

VIOLET M. GUNTHER
Political Secretary
Americans for Democratic Action
Washington

THE ABBE PIERRE

To the Editor: You might be interested to know that even in this country the extraordinary work of Abbé Pierre has not been unnoticed. The French Club of Fordham University started a collection of clothes about a month ago for the needy in the care of Abbé Pierre, and to date we have sent about one thousand pounds of clothes to him in two shipments.

Our drive has not yet ended and we expect to contribute further to the cause so ably described in your magazine.

FERNAND VIAL
Chairman
Department of Romance Languages
Fordham University
New York

DEBUNKER DEBUNKED

To the Editor: Being in a facetious mood, I would like to bring to your attention a misstatement in the story by Max Hall, entitled "The Great Cabbage Hoax," in your issue of March 16. In this story, Mr. Hall decried the fact that errors were made about an OPS order. He claimed, in fact, that there was no OPS order on cabbages, and yet he went on to say that a Long Island grocer by the name of Harold Stoner inserted the cabbages yarn in the Garden City *Daily Telegram.*

I have never been in Garden City, New York, but I do know a Harold Stoner in Garden City, Kansas, and the name of the paper is the Garden City *Telegram.* I doubt very sincerely whether Harold Stoner has ever been to Long Island, for the Harold Stoner I know keeps very busy running two groceries in Garden City, Kansas.

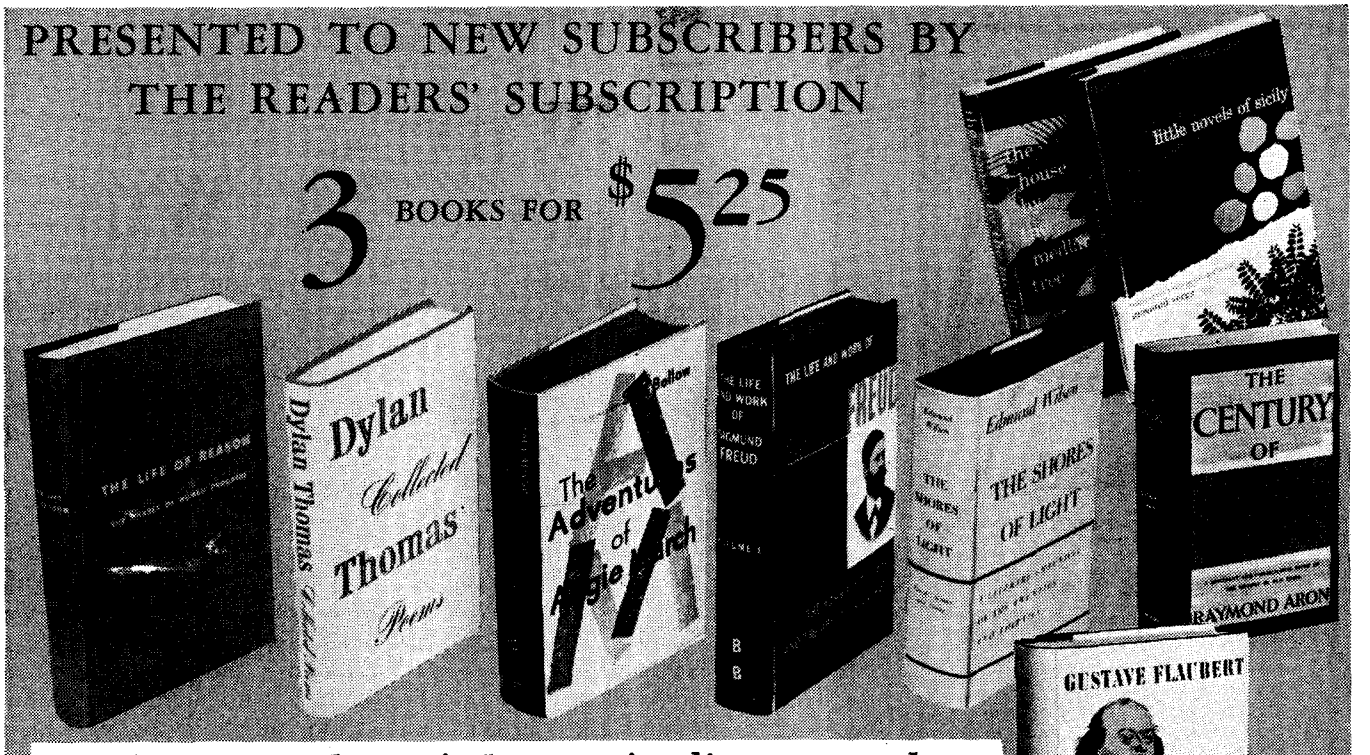
LELAND NELSON
City Manager
McCook, Nebraska

Mr. Hall replies:
People who make incorrect assumptions and publish them without checking ought to be exposed. Therefore I hope you can print Mr. Nelson's letter, exposing my incorrect assumption that the only Garden City is the Long Island Garden City (I'm afraid I had never heard of any other). My clipping has nothing but "Garden City *Daily Telegram*" scrawled on it. Since I can find no evidence that there is a *Telegram* in Garden City, L. I., I am forced to conclude that Mr. Nelson is right.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRESENTED TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS BY THE READERS' SUBSCRIPTION

3 BOOKS FOR $5.25



Choose any three of these major literary works

The Adventures of Augie March by Saul Bellow—Winner of the National Book Award as the best work of fiction published in 1953. List Price $4.50

The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud (Vol. 1) by Ernest Jones—"One of the outstanding biographies of the age." —N. Y. Times
List Price $6.75

The Life of Reason (One Volume Edition) by George Santayana—"The most adequate contribution America has yet made, always excepting Emerson, to moral philosophy." —John Dewey
List Price $6.50

The Century of Total War by Raymond Aron—"A book which repays the closest attention . . . and introduces to America one of the distinguished minds of our time." —Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.
List Price $5.00

Ancilla to Classical Reading by Moses Hadas—". . . light in tone and agreeable to browse in as the Ancilla is, it is never trivial and is always forcing one to think." —W. H. Auden
List Price $4.75

The Collected Poems of Dylan Thomas—"They contain the most absolute poetry that has been written in our time."—Herbert Read
List Price $3.75

The Shores of Light by Edmund Wilson—"These short and occasional pieces display all the qualities that have made Wilson one of our most respected critics."—William Phillips

The House by the Medlar Tree and ***Little Novels of Sicily*** by Giovanni Verga—"Verga is one of the masters of modern literature . . . the father of the Italian novels of our century." —Paolo Milano
List Price $6.00

Bouvard and Pecuchet and ***The Dictionary of Accepted Ideas*** by Gustave Flaubert—"The book *(Bouvard)* into which Flaubert emptied his voluminous notes on human gullibility, groundless learning, *opinions chic*, contradictory authorities, ridiculous enthusiasms, the swill of the 19th century."—Hugh Kenner
List Price $5.75

CREATED two years ago, under the editorial direction of *W. H. Auden, Jacques Barzun* and *Lionel Trilling*, The Readers' Subscription has successfully developed a pattern of making good books available at real savings. In the past two years close to forty titles, of which the nine pictured above are a representative sampling, have been offered to subscribers at savings of more than 40%.

You may become a member of The Readers' Subscription by simply selecting the three books (retail value up to $20.00) that you wish to receive for $5.25 and mailing the coupon at the right. As a member, each month you will receive a copy of *The Griffin*, our magazine. After reading reliable reviews by Editors, *Auden, Barzun* and *Trilling*, you will be able to accept or reject the current selection. And with every fourth selection accepted you will receive a bonus book of your own choice.

Savings on monthly selections will average at least 25%, and your over-all savings, realized through the receipt of bonus books will surely exceed 40%. For the opportunity of enjoying these extraordinary savings and services you simply agree to accept four selections during the next year.

The Readers' Subscription, Inc., R-5
35 West 53rd Street, New York 19, N.Y.

Send me at once the three titles I have checked below, two as my enrollment gifts and one as my first selection, and bill me only $5.25 plus a few cents for postage and handling. I agree to accept three more selections during the coming year. GUARANTEE: If I am not completely satisfied, I may return my first shipment within 7 days and my membership will be cancelled.

- ☐ The Adventures of Augie March
- ☐ The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud
- ☐ The Life of Reason
- ☐ The Century of Total War
- ☐ Ancilla to Classical Reading
- ☐ The Collected Poems of Dylan Thomas
- ☐ The Shores of Light
- ☐ The House by the Medlar Tree / Little Novels of Sicily
- ☐ Bouvard and Pecuchet

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____ R-5

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS FROM Chicago

Civil Liberties and the Vinson Court

By C. HERMAN PRITCHETT. The stresses of the Cold War have made civil liberties the most important issue before the Supreme Court. Mr. Pritchett discusses this timely problem and the court's attitude toward it during the controversial era of Fred M. Vinson's tenure as Chief Justice, which ended in September, 1953. Essential reading for those who recognize the role of the highest court in the crucial struggle for freedom. *$5.00*

Toward Understanding Germany

By ROBERT LOWIE. A consideration and explanation of the German mind and society by a distinguished cultural anthropologist. The study ranges from 1750 to the present and considers as "Germans" all those using German as their primary language. *$6.00*

The Poetry of Dylan Thomas

By ELDER OLSON. The author, a poet in his own right, presents an exciting key to the difficult works of one of the most brilliant poets of our age. Includes a glossary of important terms, prose paraphrases, and a complete Thomas bibliography. *$3.25*

Past and Future

By WILLIAM H. McNEILL. An unusual interpretation of the past as the basis for evaluating the future, including the possibility of World War III and World Government. *$3.75*

At your bookstore, or from
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
5750 Ellis Ave., Chicago 37, Ill.

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IN THE SPRING of 1949, when the first issue of *The Reporter* appeared, the statesmen of the free world were hastening to Washington for the signing of the North Atlantic pact. In the Far East Chiang was still on the mainland, the Communists were still in the north, and no one was paying more attention to the 38th parallel than to any other. Five years have passed, and now the statesmen are traveling to Geneva to confer with the forces the United Nations drove back across that 38th parallel. The main card we hold in our negotiations with the Chinese Communists concerns their desire to be recognized. **Vernon Aspaturian,** assistant professor of political science at the Pennsylvania State College, brings us up to date on the whole history and political meaning of recognition.

During the last month a prominent Chinese Nationalist made public several documents to show why he broke with Chiang Kai-shek's Government. The revelations of Dr. K. C. Wu, who was Governor of Formosa, tell an important but not very encouraging story about what is happening on an island that is another major factor in the Geneva talks.

Everybody is wondering what we and the French and the Chinese may do in the Indo-China war. What the Vietnamese themselves are doing is equally pertinent. **Peggy Durdin,** wife of the New York *Times* correspondent in Southeast Asia, reports directly from Saigon.

Richard L. Neuberger, state senator in Oregon and frequent contributor to this magazine, tells about a unique Canadian social-security scheme—and thinks that some day we may want to borrow something from Canada's example.

Perhaps the most interesting action in the present McCarthy fracas is not going on in Washington but in a thousand communities all over the nation. **Marya Mannes** reports on some Americans who have found their voices.

Sanford Gottlieb, who has been an organizer for both CIO and AFL, writes about New York's port troubles.

Isaac Deutscher, biographer of Stalin and Trotsky, has recently traveled throughout Israel. His article, the first of two, contains his personal reflections on what he learned there.

Ray Alan is the pen name of an Englishman who writes entertainingly from and about the Near East. His views on Cyprus are not couched in the customary solemn terms of the political analyst.

THE SHORT STORY about three generations of Indians by **Christine Weston** is the result of the author's direct experience of Indian life. Miss Weston's fiction has been published in the *New Yorker* and *Harper's Bazaar.* She is the author of *Indigo* and other novels.

It can hardly be said that **Mary Ellin Barrett** had a very easy time when she interviewed Dylan Thomas not long before the poet's death. But he talked—and she saw deeply behind his words.

There has been, it seems to us, too much reverse snobbishness about Stravinsky's *Rake's Progress.* We are tired of hearing that this contemporary work is not as good as Mozart and are glad to have **James Hinton, Jr.,** call attention to the opera's obvious importance.

There has been a rash of books on the world's underdeveloped areas. Two of the best of these are reviewed. **Edward Posniak** is a specialist in foreign economic policy.

J. K. Galbraith, professor of economics at Harvard, likes to review books on non-economic subjects: on this occasion, generals as politicians.

Our cover design, the nation's capital and the flowering of the cherry blossoms, is by **Al Blaustein.**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

MAX ASCOLI, *Editor and Publisher*
Executive Editor, Harlan Cleveland
Senior Editor, Philip Horton • *Managing Editor*, Al Newman
National Correspondent, Theodore H. White
Associate Editor, Gouverneur Paulding
Assistant Managing Editors: William Knapp, Robert K. Bingham
Washington Editor, Douglass Cater • *Art Editor*, Reg Massie
Staff Writers: Claire Sterling, Marya Mannes
Assistant to the Managing Editor, Louisa Dalcher • *Librarian*, Ruth Ames

VOLUME 10, NO. 9 **APRIL 27, 1954**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2
OUR FIFTH ANNIVERSARY—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 12

Geneva and Points East

GENEVA: TO RECOGNIZE OR NOT TO RECOGNIZE . . . . *Vernon Aspaturian* 14
THE K. C. WU STORY 18
VIETNAM AWAITS INDEPENDENCE AND/OR ANNIHILATION . . . *Peggy Durdin* 21

At Home & Abroad

CANADA'S SOCIAL-SECURITY SYSTEM FOR CHILDREN . *Richard L. Neuberger* 23
THE PEOPLE VS. McCARTHY . . . . . *Marya Mannes* 25
THE MAN WHO SHUT DOWN THE PORT OF NEW YORK . . *Sanford Gottlieb* 28
ISRAEL'S SPIRITUAL CLIMATE—I . . . . . *Isaac Deutscher* 31
CYPRUS: NATIONALISM THROUGH A LOOKING GLASS . . . . . *Ray Alan* 36

Views & Reviews

SALT—A STORY OF INDIA . . . . . *Christine Weston* 40
A LUNCHEON WITH DYLAN THOMAS . . . . . *Mary Ellin Barrett* 45
IGOR STRAVINSKY AND THE MUSE OF OPERA . . . . . *James Hinton, Jr.* 48
'OPERATION BOOTSTRAP' FOR UNDERDEVELOPED COUNTRIES
1. THE NEW FRONTIERS . . . . . *Edward Posniak* 51
2. THE PIONEERS . . . . . *Harlan Cleveland* 53
GENERALS AS POLITICIANS . . . . . *John Kenneth Galbraith* 54
BOOK NOTES 56

Editorial and Business Offices:
220 East 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

MAKE YOUR PLANS NOW TO

Study Abroad

NEW 1954 EDITION

UNESCO'S INTERNATIONAL HANDBOOK OF FELLOWSHIPS, SCHOLARSHIPS, AND EDUCATIONAL EXCHANGE OPPORTUNITIES gives full information on over 45,000 fellowships, scholarships, and other subsidized opportunities for foreign study and educational travel. More than twice as many are open to Americans than to nationals of any other country.

You may be qualified

- to study in any of 66 countries or territories
- for a grant in one of 14 specialized fields
- for a "non-restricted" award

This easy-to-use handbook tells you

- who gives each grant
- field of study it covers and its purpose
- where it entitles you to study
- necessary qualifications (nationality, educational requirements, occupation)
- value in money
- duration of grant and whether it will be offered again
- how many are available
- how to apply

EACH group of awards is numbered for easy reference. At-a-glance index tells you immediately who can study, what subjects, where.

710 pages. $2.00

ORDER YOUR COPY TODAY

To your bookstore, or
UNESCO BOOKS, Dept. R-4
Columbia University Press
2960 Broadway, New York 27, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of STUDY ABROAD. I enclose check or M.O. for $2.00.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

GUARANTEE: If not completely satisfied, I may return the book within 10 days for a full refund.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Fifth Anniversary

The first issue of The Reporter *was published on April 26, 1949. After five years, we look back at the prospectus in which we gave our reasons for bringing out a new magazine and in which we announced our aims. Those aims have not changed. It is for our readers to judge how we have lived up to them.*

WE ARE PUBLISHING *The Reporter* because we think there is room in the United States for a type of reporting free from obsession with headline "news" and from the conceit of "opinions." We believe that the national and international facts which affect the lives of the American people can be gathered, selected, and interpreted with a sense of their causes, inter-relation, and possible outcome. We believe that they can be reported in the perspective of what they mean to the American people and what the American people can do about them.

The American national interest is definitely tied to the welfare of a large section of the world, but at the same time America is not rich enough or powerful enough to endow the world or to rule it. In the former enemy countries still under American occupation, in the sixteen European nations of the Marshall Plan, in Asia and in Latin America, to a various and different extent, there are hundreds of millions of people whom America can help—but only if they are willing to co-operate freely with America. The safety and power of America largely depend on the co-operation that we can elicit from nations which are the objects of American assistance. America alone cannot do the job of setting the world on its feet.

If America were what the Communists say it is—an empire in the making—or if it were the hub of an international, which is about the same thing, the problem would be much simpler. We could rule foreign countries with our stooges, we could, as we pleased, use or destroy their resources for the benefit of our own economy, and we could induce their unmanageable leaders to plunge themselves into obscurity—or out of a window. As it is, given the kind of people we are, we have no choice. We must work to create, at home and abroad, the positive conditions that make for freedom, for safeguards of personal and national independence, and for peace.

This is a staggering and utterly unprecedented job. Lend-Lease, UNRRA, the Marshall Plan, have given some indication of how the job can be done, and above all, that it can be done. But it must be admitted that all these measures have been emergency answers to immediate threats, and that a well-balanced long-range American policy has not yet been attained—a policy that may steer a middle course between the needs of domestic welfare and the demands of national defense or of foreign aid, between out-and-out isolationism and nagging interference in other people's internal affairs.

This condition of things has prompted us, the founders of *The Reporter,* to offer a new magazine to the American public. The pursuit of national interest and the cause of freedom having now become interchangeable things, we believe that the time has come to take fresh stock of the potentialities of our country as well as of the new features of the outside world. Ours will be a purposeful, focal reporting, aimed at singling out the elements which help or hinder the attainment of a national policy. It will be objective reporting, but it will not be impartial when it comes to what is true and what is fake, what is based on stubborn fact and what is the result of manipulated public opinion.

The Reporter is to be a magazine of facts and ideas, not of news or of opinion. Our aim is to process the news in order to reach the facts, and to dissect opinions in order to reach a clear idea of an American policy. Clear ideas will help us to recognize the basic facts; the basic facts will help us to determine the range within which ideas are workable. It is a grinding, deepening process: the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more and the better we do our job, the closer we get to our aim, which is to enable our readers to discriminate between what can be done and what cannot be done, and to know at all times what the price is for what can and must be done.

•

WE ASSUME that we are not alone in thinking that Communism, the most dogmatic of all opponents, can be fought only by free and uncluttered minds. We assume that a large number of Americans are as tired as we are of clichés and stereotypes, and as anxious as we are to have the major problems of our day analyzed and reported in such a way that nothing is taken for granted, not even the righteousness of our democratic position and the wickedness of our Communist opponents. We have set ourselves to be relentless cliché-hunters. We are not going to say that every Republican is a Harding, or that every general is an autocrat, or that big business is always good—or always bad. We shall talk very little of individualism and we shall never lose sight of what happens to the individuals in every concrete situation we may try to report.

Our readers are going to hear little from us about irrepressible trends and sweeping waves, no matter whether of the past or of the future. In analyzing concrete situations we shall try to go as close to the heart of things as we can. But the analysis of situations, down to the heart of things, can lead to entirely different results according to the disposition of the analyst. There are those who, at the conclusion of an analytical effort, like to sit down and cry; there are those who like to make moralistic soap bubbles on the brim of the precipice; and there are those who once they see the danger of the precipice want to have everything and everybody going down, down to the bottom. Our attitude, on the contrary, is to look for the men who are responsible for a situation and who have power to do something about it.

•

WE ARE NOT ALONE, we suppose, in thinking that America's policy is still rudderless. Since the Marshall Plan was announced, we have sometimes moved in the right direction, but there are neither the instruments nor the firm hands which may prevent us drifting all the way back again or all around. Our function should be to help the devising of the steering instruments, to set the alarm signals, to determine the range within which we can proceed with minimized risks. . . .

We shall deal with trends, not to ride on them, but to see whether they can be controlled, how and by whom. We shall deal with situations, but not in order to make ourselves the mouthpieces of the nothing-can-be-done-about-it school of thought. Above all, we shall deal with policies, and our reporting of facts and ideas will be aimed at promoting the constant development of an American policy adequate to the responsibilities and to the limitations of America in the present moment of history. And we shall never lose sight of the policy-makers—what kind of people they are, how they live up to the people's trust, and how the breed can be improved. We shall look for the individuals and for the mental attitudes that determine a situation. For we believe that the impact of power on human beings is most clearly shown when power is presented through the specific people who hold it or who bear its brunt.

In our focal, purposeful reporting on policy and policy-making we shall be guided by basic beliefs:

¶ In freedom, which means the capacity that men have of exerting some control over the conditions of their own lives, a capacity that cannot be denied or crippled without making men into the tools of their own destruction.

¶ In America, as a nation whose freedom and well-being are inseparably tied to the freedom and well-being of other nations.

¶ In the function and responsibilities of journalism—provided it meets exact and exacting standards.

¶ And finally, in the I.Q. of the American reader, whose capacity to grasp facts and ideas is crudely underrated by most of the existing media of information.

•

WE ASK of our contributors what we ask of ourselves: to remember that in the professions, in business, in the trade unions, in the educational institutions, in the public at large there are thousands upon thousands of men and women who want to see the facts of our days in a clear perspective, and who have the capacity for exerting a measure of leadership in their own groups or communities. These are the people for whom *The Reporter* is written. . . .

Of our readers we ask that they consider themselves members of our group, for we think of them as partners, not customers to be courted.

To those who will recognize their magazine in *The Reporter* we make no extravagant promise—we just say that we shall do our best to tell the truth.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Geneva: To Recognize Or Not to Recognize

VERNON ASPATURIAN

"I HAVE now come to believe," wrote John Foster Dulles in his book *War or Peace,* three years before he became Secretary of State, "that the United Nations will best serve the cause of peace if its Assembly is representative of what the world actually is . . . without attempting to appraise closely those [nations] which are 'good' and those which are 'bad.' . . .

"Some of the present member nations . . . have governments that are not representative of the people. But if in fact . . . they 'govern'—they have a power which should be represented in any organization that purports to mirror world reality." Then comes a passage that must now be a constant source of mental anguish and political embarrassment: "If the Communist government of China in fact proves its ability to govern China without serious domestic resistance, then, it, too, should be admitted to the United Nations."

"THE United States," Dulles reported four years later upon his return from the Berlin Conference, refuses to recognize Red China "not because, as suggested, it denies that the régime exists or that it has power. . . . It is, however, one thing to recognize evil as a fact. It is another thing to take evil to one's breast and call it good."

Among the many popular American ideas about recognition is the conviction that it means moral approval of the government being recognized. It is obvious that Secretary of State Dulles, in contradistinction to Author Dulles, has been forced into accepting this view in part. The Red Chinese régime has been branded an aggressor by the U.N. General Assembly and has inflicted thousands of casualties upon U.S. forces defending South Korea. It is the most powerful ally of America's principal antagonist, the Soviet Union; it has imposed an oppressive tyranny upon nearly half a billion people and has indoctrinated with hatred of everything American a nation that has had the help and sympathy of the American people for over a century.

Soothing Senators

Public reaction to this rapid turn in the fortunes of international politics was violent. A good indication of this

was the experience of Mr. Dulles upon returning from Berlin, when he was astounded to discover that his creditable performance in exposing Molotov's mischief and preserving western unity was all but ignored. His attempt to assuage the anxieties of almost the entire hierarchy of Republican Senatorial leadership on the matter of inviting Red China to the forthcoming Geneva Conference was painfully obvious. Molotov, Mr. Dulles pointed out proudly, had signed on the dotted line that "It is understood that neither the invitation to, nor the holding of, the abovementioned conference shall be deemed to imply diplomatic recognition in any case where it has not already been accorded." Earlier, he had told Congressmen categorically that "the United States would in no case recognize Communist China."

Despite Mr. Dulles's assurances, the Senators were aware of certain ineluctable and unhappy facts. The Peking government obviously gains in diplomatic prestige, even though it was invited to the conference only by the Soviet Union and was not named as one of the sponsoring powers as Molotov demanded. The negotiations will not take place in a makeshift Korean hut but in the splendid Palace of the former League of Nations, which, the Senators fear, may have tremendous significance for the symbol-conscious people of Russia and China. No longer will unknown military officers or subordinate diplomats sit and deal with faceless Chinese generals; the American Secretary of State in person will break political bread with Chou En-lai, scholar, revolutionary, erstwhile fugitive from a Kuomintang gallows, and now Communist China's Foreign Minister.

A number of Senators feared that all this must inevitably constitute some sort of recognition. The Peking radio apparently agrees with the Senators, for it has been boasting that "the agreement now reached by the four Foreign Ministers shows incontrovertibly that the voice and position of the People's Republic of China in the settlement of international issues, particularly Asian questions, cannot be ignored." To add to the discomfiture of Secretary Dulles, Molotov reported to the Soviet people that at Geneva the "Chinese People's Republic will occupy its legitimate place at a meeting with other great powers."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Molotov could speak for himself, but he could not speak for the U.S. Recognition, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. The best way to tell whether recognition is being accorded is to ask what the recognizing country intends by its action. As far as the Berlin action is concerned, Mr. Dulles settled the matter when he said our action did not constitute recognition.

History of Recognition

The modern problem of recognition, like so many problems in contemporary international politics, originated with the French Revolution and was further complicated by the Bolshevik convulsion in 1917. Before 1800, the only test of recognition was dynastic legitimacy; such a government was known as *de jure divino*. The French Revolution scuttled the monarchy and established a Republic that was considered a pariah government, although one in fact, or *de facto*. Thus the simple distinction between *de jure* and *de facto* governments emerged, with the notion of the former as a legitimate government, although it may not be in effective control but only ought to be, and of the latter as a government that is in effective control but ought not to be. Divinity dropped out of the picture, but the notion of legitimate and illegitimate governments persisted.

For over a century American recognition policy was governed by the doctrine of "de factoism." Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson recognized the new French Republic in 1792 because "it accords with our principles to acknowledge any Government to be rightful which is formed by the will of the nation substantially declared."

THREE DECADES later, Secretary Van Buren reaffirmed this policy by declaring unequivocally that "so far as we are concerned that which is the Government *de facto* is equally *de jure*." Even the political manipulations of Louis Napoleon failed to shake this principle of recognition. "We do not," Secretary James Buchanan stated of the Second French Republic, "go behind the existing Government to involve ourselves in the question of legitimacy." Three years later, when Louis Napoleon revived the Empire, Secretary of State Daniel Webster again went down the *de facto* line. "While we deeply regret the overthrow of popular institutions . . . yet our ancient ally has our good wishes for her prosperity and happiness, and we are bound to leave her the choice of means for the promotion of those ends."

The nineteenth century confronted the United States with an unprecedented number of decisions on recognition. In Latin America, some revolutionary régimes attempted to repudiate economic concessions made by preceding governments, frequently under duress or other dubious circumstances. The United States soon discovered that recognition could be employed as a political weapon of intervention to support governments that would honor the sanctity of American business interests. The withholding of recognition could bring about the collapse of an otherwise stable régime, whereas granting recognition to an unstable government or even a band of rebels might be sufficient to give their cause a degree of permanence.

One of the great current illusions about recognition stems from this period—the notion that American refusal to recognize can be enough to bring about the collapse of an undesirable government. The truth is that whereas such a policy might be effective in the banana republics, it is the height of absurdity to think that it can work in the case of great powers.

The Wilsonian Morality

Under Woodrow Wilson the zenith of our interventionist policy in Central America coincided almost exactly with a period of American moral self-righteousness in matters of recognition. Wilson's revulsion against tyranny and his sincere passion for democracy led to bizarre results. Setting out to preserve the territory below the Rio Grande for democracy, Wilson arrogated to the United States the mission of passing judgment on the constitutional validity of governments there, supporting those which satisfied the criteria of American political morality and subverting those which did not meet his ethical standards.

Some retreat from the overextended Wilsonian position was inevitable, since its end point would have meant our intervening in everybody's business everywhere. President Hoover's Secretary of State, Henry L. Stimson, took a step back toward Jefferson when he tacitly accepted the doctrine of the Mexican Foreign Minister Estrada, who denounced the practice of recognition "which allows foreign governments to pass upon the legitimacy or illegitimacy of the régime existing in another country." However, the Wilsonian policy continued to be evident in the Hoover Administration's refusal to recognize the Soviets.

In 1932, Stimson introduced what is commonly referred to as the "Stimson Doctrine," on the occasion of Japan's attack on China and the erection of a puppet state in Manchuria. The United States refused to recognize Manchukuo on grounds that it considered all forcible transfers of territory and governments imposed by foreign powers as illegal and in contravention of the Kellogg-Briand Pact, which "outlawed" the use of force. The Stimson Doctrine thus hardened the mold of a "moral" American recognition policy. To Stimson, nonrecognition meant disapproval. For Wilson, recognition implied approval. There was a genuine distinction between the two formulas, but it was far too subtle for most to grasp. The two policies were simply lumped together into this deceptively simple, not necessarily logical proposition: If nonrecognition means disapproval, then recognition means approval.

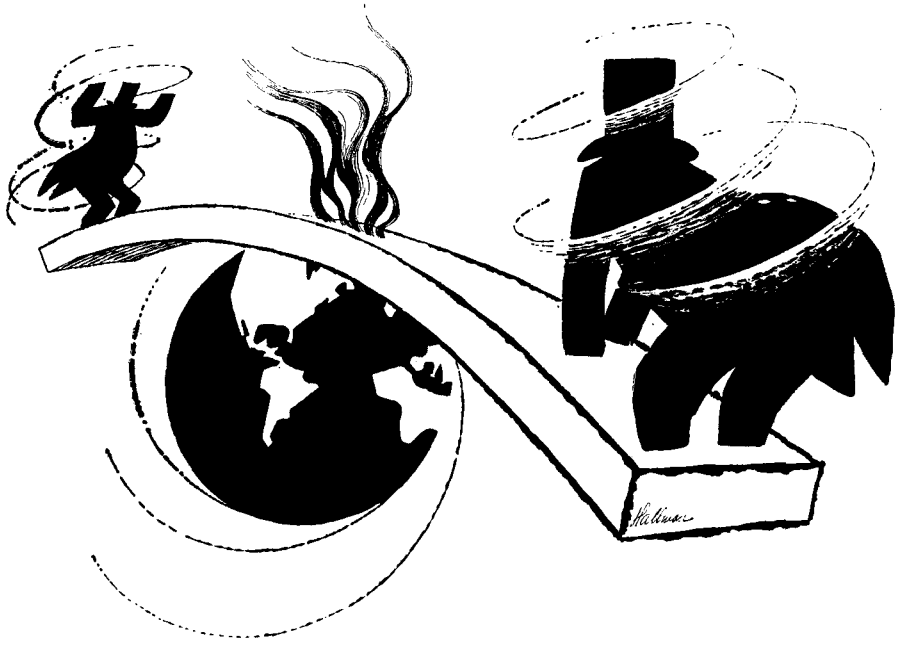
The Stimson Doctrine was invoked when the Soviets annexed the Baltic States and Hitler overran much of Europe. President Truman invoked it again in 1945 when he refused "to recognize any government imposed upon any nation by the force of any foreign power." The number of such governments recognized since serves to demonstrate the difficulty of consistently pursuing a recognition policy based on abstract moral formulas when they conflict with the imperatives of the national interest. Earlier, in 1933, the outstanding example of this discrepancy was the recognition of the Soviet government, although the Communists had not undergone any moral transformation. But the serious economic crisis at home made trade with Russia look good, and

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Japanese aggression in the Far East made the Soviet Union look like a useful partner in blocking Japan.

Ostriches and 'Realists'

There are four approaches that a country may adopt as its recognition policy. First there is the ostrich approach, postulated on the theory that nonrecognition is equivalent to nonexistence. According to this view, it is possible to avoid unpleasant situations by simply ignoring them. There is no question that this attitude was partly responsible for our long refusal to recognize the U.S.S.R. and in the minds of a good portion of the American public accounts for our refusal to recognize Red China. Thus the present Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, Walter S. Robertson, wrote late in 1949: "Withholding recognition would seem to offer the Chinese people some hope of eventually escaping Communist domination and control." But our refusal to recognize the Soviet Union did not make it fade away, although some still stoutly maintain that Roosevelt's recognition of the U.S.S.R. kept that nation alive.



At the other end of the scale is the "realist" attitude, which argues that what exists must be recognized. Here the single criterion for recognition is effective control. The ostrich school says that "nonrecognition is nonexistence," whereas the "realists" assert that "existence is recognition." Both views are oversimplified.

One well-known "realist" is former British Prime Minister Clement Attlee, who has maintained that "It was at least clear that the Communists had become the effective Government of China and the British Government, though totally opposed to Communism, recognized this as a fact." Actually, as the British Labour Party Leader well knows, the motivations underlying British recognition were dictated by very substantial political and economic considerations, rather than by this idea of simple factual existence. Red China does not of course follow the "realist" course of fully recognizing Britain; and Britain itself has frequently recognized exiled governments which had no shred of *de facto* control over their homelands.

The third approach to recognition is the moralistic approach, which has guided American thinking since President Wilson's day. It leads to confusing divergencies between theory and practice, for after an extended period of standing on moral principle it is sometimes necessary to face and deal with unpleasant facts.

The fourth approach to the problem of recognition is the test of national interest. This test does not mean, as some mistakenly believe, the abandonment of principle and the espousal of opportunism. The national interest is not served if we seek our foreign-policy objectives by methods that outrage our own moral and spiritual values. Neither does it mean ignoring the interests of our friends and allies. What it does mean is that the United States forswears the mission of imposing its conceptions of morality upon all other states, but will refuse to grant recognition when doing so would be clearly detrimental to the national interest.

Our Present Problem

The problem of recognizing Red China brings to life all our past attitudes about recognition. There are those who feel that the Peking régime should not be recognized because of its immoral character. Others cite our war casualties in Korea. Still others remind us that Red China was branded an aggressor by the U.N. Some feel that recognition would be detrimental to the interests of Syngman Rhee and Chiang Kai-shek. And there are those who argue that nonrecognition is in the national interest.

Mr. Dulles himself intimated on the eve of the Bermuda Conference that the United States could not logically be committed to an eternal policy of refusing to recognize if Peking discontinued its intervention in Korea and Indo-China. Actually only Chiang Kai-shek has an enduring interest in a policy of nonrecognition. A settlement in Korea satisfactory to the Republic of Korea and the United States as well as to Red China would require the stabilization of the status quo on the mainland.

Similarly, a settlement in Indo-China can only be as good as Red China's willingness to live up to its terms. If a peace is negotiated there, a large body of vocal sentiment in France would oppose any effort by the Chinese Nationalists to imperil it by forays against the mainland of China. There is no implication here that we should abandon the Chinese government on Formosa to be butchered by the Communists from the mainland. Continued defense of Formosa is quite compatible with some form of recognition of the situation on the mainland. But, applying the test of national interest, U.S. policy should not be irrevocably

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tied to the specific ambitions of Generalissimo Chiang—or any other foreign political leader.

If Senatorial pertinacity restricts Mr. Dulles's scope of negotiation by publicly committing him to an inflexible policy of nonrecognition, the Secretary will be disarmed in dueling with Molotov, one of the most adroit and ruthless diplomatists of the twentieth century. Mr. Dulles's inability to re-explore the policy of recognition would be the signal for the Communists to stage an audacious propaganda drama. Armed with the foreknowledge that Secretary Dulles is hamstrung, the Communists can agree to almost any solution to the Korean and Indo-Chinese wars by making their terms conditional upon American recognition of Peking and its entry into the United Nations. Each time Secretary Dulles rejected a reasonable proposal, the United States would be paraded before the world as the arch-villain who callously refused to negotiate. Furthermore, if the Communists offer an Indo-Chinese settlement that is acceptable to France but is rejected by the United States on grounds of recognition, the Atlantic Alliance will be further strained and the chances of ratifying the European Defense Community further reduced.

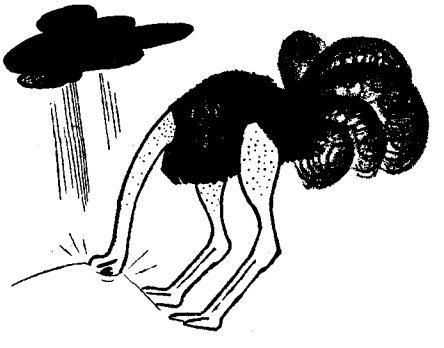
Senator Knowland's Contribution

These dismal possibilities fail to upset the Senate's Republican leadership. Majority Leader William Knowland suggested recently that "If the political pressures on France are such that she felt the necessity of exploring the ending of hostilities in Indo-China she could have explored that labyrinth on her own responsibility." Possibly the Senator did not understand that the Geneva Conference was agreed to by a reluctant Mr. Dulles precisely to prevent France from sounding out Moscow and Peking unilaterally.

French Foreign Minister Georges Bidault made the point clearly to Dulles at Berlin: The French public would be unable to fathom an American policy that refused active belligerency in the Indo-Chinese war but refused to negotiate a settlement. This was prudent counsel. But it seemingly made little sense to those Senators who seem determined to confirm the contention of French neutralists that the United States is ready to fight the Indo-Chinese war to the last Frenchman.

THE SENATE leadership shares with many Americans a curious notion about diplomatic conferences: that if a victory cannot be guaranteed, negotiation should be eschewed. Unless they are ceremonial meetings where the Secretary of State collects instruments of unconditional surrender, then they can only be potential Munichs, where honest but innocent Americans are victimized by clever and unscrupulous foreigners. Senator Knowland typifies this mentality almost perfectly. We should, he warns, "enter into no such pact with the Soviet Union unless Soviet forces are first withdrawn from the satellite states of Eastern Europe and the people . . . have the opportunity through free elections of electing governments of their own choice." Then, prejudging the Geneva Conference, he suggests that "Throughout the entire Far East the admission of Communist China into the United Nations would be looked upon as a Far Eastern Munich and a great victory for international Communism."

"There is, however, no reason," according to the more confident and experienced Mr. Dulles, "why we should refuse to seek peacefully the results we want merely because of fear that we may be outmaneuvered at the conference table. . . . We need not, out of fear, lay down the tools of diplomacy and the possibilities which they provide." The mere fact that the Secretary of State apparently



does not quiver and quake at the prospect of being strangled by the twin bears at Geneva is enough to make the tremulous Senators suspicious either of his intentions or his judgment.

"I recognize, of course," Mr. Dulles has sensibly stated, "that the Soviet Union would not have accepted, 100 per cent, our terms for the Korean Political Conference, unless it expected to benefit thereby. But so do we."

The opportunities for diplomatic mischief will not necessarily be the exclusive property of the Russians. Geneva will give Molotov another chance to crack the Atlantic Alliance, but it should not be overlooked that it will also give Mr. Dulles the first real opportunity to scrutinize the supposedly porcelain-smooth exterior of the Moscow-Peking axis. If our Secretary of State is to take advantage of any cracks he may discover in the Russo-Chinese alliance, he must have full discretion to employ a great many diplomatic instruments.

The process of shattering an opposing alliance is at once the most tantalizing, delicate, and formidable operation in diplomacy. The Russo-Chinese alliance is not based on sentiment but upon a mutuality of interests and a common ideology. The most corrosive internal solvent found inside any combine is that elusive substance called nationalism. Nationalism poisoned the Moscow-Belgrade partnership and remains the most potent internal threat to the Sino-Soviet association. At Geneva Mr. Dulles can function as the willing catalyst for this deadly agent.

POTENTIAL dissension exists in all alliances, even the most monolithic. The Russians call such elements "contradictions." As early as 1921, Stalin declared that "the whole purpose of the existence of a People's Commissariat of Foreign Affairs is to take account of these contradictions, to use them as a basis and to maneuver within them." Secretary Dulles may have opportunities to find and work on "contradictions" in the Communist camp at Geneva, since the Communist side will consist of a divisible Three (North Korea will be represented too) rather than the indivisible One he faced at Berlin.

There is considerable evidence that the Soviet Union has not pursued a policy of callous disregard for the interests of its Chinese ally like that which produced the Russo-Yugoslav rupture in 1948. But Red

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

China's ambitions are great; and its means are circumscribed by its alliance with Moscow. China imperiously demands formalization of its status as a great power and the dominant force in the Far East. Furthermore, it is anxious to be emancipated from the American-inspired economic embargo that has impeded its industrialization program.

Already there is evidence of trouble in the arrangements for the Geneva Conference, stemming from Red China's displeasure at Molotov's inability to gain for it an improvement in its status as an international pariah.

The opportunities to break up this combination, however, cannot be exploited by the questionable policy of gratifying Red China's aspirations *only* out of the pious hope that this will wean it away from the Soviet Union. On March 29 Mr. Dulles said this clearly: "We shall not, however, be disposed to give Communist China what it wants from us, merely in exchange for its promises of good behavior." Since he is a politician as well as a diplomat, he did not turn the coin over and read the equally obvious proposition on the reverse: *If* we can get concrete actions—withdrawal from North Korea and a real pullback in Indo-China, we would certainly have to produce some kind of reward.

The power to grant our recognition, some form of admission to the United Nations, and the resumption of trade are the most effective instruments available to the Secretary of State at Geneva. Whether their full value is realized will depend partly on Mr. Dulles's performance as a diplomat and partly on the intensity of Peking's desire for recognition, U.N. admission, and trade. Mr. Dulles may be able to measure at Geneva the degree of China's anxiety to be formally ushered into the respectable community as a great power. If Red China's aspirations in this regard are more powerful than the forces that impel it toward Moscow, then the tools at Mr. Dulles's disposal will be the crucial facts at Geneva.

This is why it is so important that the Secretary of State go to Geneva uncommitted on recognition, with complete discretion to exploit its full possibilities.

The K. C. Wu Story

Why the Governor of Formosa Broke with Chiang Kai-shek

Dr. K. C. Wu, Governor of Formosa from 1949 to 1953 and for over twenty years an important official of the Chinese Nationalist régime, announced at a press conference at his present home in Illinois on March 14, 1954, that he had broken with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang government. The story of his break is contained in three documents: a long statement released to the U.S. press, a letter of protest and recommendation from Wu to the National Assembly of China, dated February 27; and a further letter to Chiang Kai-shek, dated March 20. The following account is excerpted from these documents.

It was and it still is my belief that we have a chance to reliberate the mainland of China. But in order to accomplish that, we must secure first the full-hearted support of the eight million Formosans, second, the full-hearted support of the thirteen million Chinese overseas, and third, the unceasing and effective sympathy and support of all friendly nations, especially the United States. But we cannot do this unless we completely accept the teachings of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the founder of our nation, and practice genuine democracy in government.

When I became Governor of Formosa in 1949 my program laid special emphasis on free elections and the rule of law. The only order Chiang gave me was to raise 42 million Taiwan dollars (about $8.5 million) each month for the armed forces. The rest was left to me. That is why I could introduce free elections for the local governments for the first time in the history of China, implement land-reform measures, establish social insurance for labor, and initiate tax reforms.

By October, 1950, the Chinese Communists entered the Korean War, and more American aid came to Formosa. As the people over there began to feel more secure of their position, the old ideas which led us to our downfall on the mainland reared their ugly heads again.

Chiang Ching-kuo Moves In

Chiang Ching-kuo, son of the Gimo, was appointed head of the Political Department of the Defense Ministry immediately after the Gimo was restored to the Presidency on March 1, 1950. At that time, everyone thought that Chiang Ching-kuo's duty would be only to try to keep up the morale of the troops. By the end of 1950 we knew that it was not confined to that.

The Political Department has become a system of political commissars modeled after that of the Soviet. Promotions in the armed forces are no longer based on the merit of the individual but on his relations with the Political Department.

The Political Department, through its abuse of power, has almost totally wrecked the morale of the troops. While in Formosa, I talked with many intelligent men in the services, from admirals and generals down to the rank and file. Some even went so far as to say, "If fight we must one day, we shall have to kill the agents of the Political Department first!"

If we employ these troops just for the purpose of giving reviews and parades for the benefit of V.I.P. visitors, the armed forces may be counted upon to give a good show. If we want to use them to fight for the recovery of the mainland, I cannot help shuddering at the thought.

The armed forces of a nation should belong to the nation. They should not be made loyal to one party, or to one person, thus creat-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing forces for feudalism and possible civil strife. This is a simple truth.

I began to be worried about our army by the end of 1950, but that was still not my bailiwick. Then I started to have direct conflicts with Chiang Ching-kuo himself. The Gimo established in his own office a so-called "Materials Department" —really the central organization of the secret police, four branches of which operate in Formosa today: the Investigation Department of the Defense Ministry, the Investigation Department of the Interior Ministry, the Gendarmes, and the so-called Peace Preservation Command. The head of the Materials Department is just a figurehead. The man who really runs the whole outfit is Chiang Ching-kuo.

DURING the three years I was Governor of Formosa, hardly a day passed without some bitter struggle on my part with the secret police. They interfered with free elections. They made numberless illegal arrests. They tortured and they blackmailed.

Papers were ordered to suspend publication and reporters were put into custody from time to time. True, all other nations have security organizations. And it goes without saying that when we are engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the Communists we should do everything we can to prevent their possible infiltration. But the secret police of our country, relying on their special backing, have so abused their powers that they have no regard whatever for law. The people are reduced to such a state that they only dare to resent but not to speak in the open. Their liberties are almost totally suppressed.

While I was governor, I did my utmost to inculcate the principle that arrests must be made with sufficient evidence of crime, and that searches could not be conducted without due process of law. In the winter of 1950 and in the spring of 1951, the secret police reasserted their power and made a number of illegal arrests. I resisted strongly. At that time the Gimo yielded to me and ordered that no arrest should be made without a warrant from my civil police. The battle, however, continued. In the beginning of 1952 I forced the Gimo to agree that only those suspected of espionage and Communists should be sent to military courts for trial, and that legal counsel should be permitted defendants in the military courts. Prior to that time, as Formosa had been declared under a state of siege, nearly all cases of any nature were sent to military courts for trial; these were always held in camera, and no legal counsel was provided for the defense. I

Wide World

K. C. Wu

thought I had won a small victory. But later on I discovered to my discomfiture that the system of providing legal counsel for the defense was really a farce.

A Packed Meeting

I would still not give up the fight, until the summer of 1952, when a plenary conference of the Kuomintang Party was called. It was the first such meeting since the loss of the mainland, and I had hopes that the basic policies of our government could be aired and clarified at that session. But these hopes turned out to be false. All of the members of that conference were hand-picked by the Gimo, and at least three-fourths were Chiang Ching-kuo's men.

When the election of the Central Executive Committee came, the whole picture became even more apparent. No free election was allowed. The Gimo handed out a list of candidates, and asked us to choose from the list. In order to have a surer grip on us, he required us to sign our names on the ballots. Myself and a few other independents were put on the list and elected as a façade, but the overwhelming majority of the elected members were Chiang Ching-kuo's stooges.

It was at that time that I decided in my own mind that I should quit once and for all. But still I did not want an open break that might give our cause bad publicity abroad.

IN THE MEANTIME the Gimo ordered that a Youth Corps with Chiang Ching-kuo as its head be established, after the example of Hitler and Communist youth organizations. It was not in my power to change the order. When my Commissioner of Education reported to me that Chiang Ching-kuo wanted to have the budget of the Provincial Department of Education padded to the tune of some six million Taiwan dollars so that the funds could be transferred for the use of the Youth Corps, I refused. Nevertheless, the Youth Corps was established.

All the superintendents and principals of schools were made officers of the Youth Corps, and all the students were forced to become members. Then the Youth Corps began to issue instructions to the superintendents and principals to suit Chiang Ching-kuo.

In December, 1952, local elections for city and county councillors came along. About two weeks beforehand the secret police, under the orders of Chiang Ching-kuo, suddenly rounded up 398 Formosans throughout the island without my prior knowledge and placed them in custody—on charges that they were "rascals."

When I found this out, I was truly angry. I summoned representatives of the secret police to my office, and appointed a committee, with my legal counsel as its chairman, to screen all the evidence against the people who had been illegally arrested.

Out of the 398, only eighteen were found against whom there was evidence of some minor misdemeanor. I ordered the eighteen to be sent to the civil courts for trial, and had all the rest released. I thought I had given a curb to the unruly spirit of the secret police, but I was very much mistaken.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After the elections, the city and county councils met to choose their respective speakers. At Keelung (the major port in the northern part of the island) two city councillors were arrested just before the meeting was to start. By this time, fear of the secret police was so great that no one dared report the matter to me. The news became impossible to conceal only because all the other elected councillors were so frightened that not a single one appeared at the scheduled meeting.

I made drastic threats and compelled the secret police to release the two men they had kidnaped. The meeting finally took place a few hours later. Immediately afterward, I had the Mayor of Keelung bring those two city councillors to my office and questioned them myself. But they were so scared that they kept saying, "Governor, please do not ask us what happened!"

From other sources I got evidence against a secret policeman who was directly responsible for the kidnaping. I ordered that the man should be summarily dismissed and held pending further investigation. A week later I discovered that the man had been promoted to a higher position by order of Chiang Ching-kuo, with the explicit knowledge and approval of the Gimo. I knew then that I was licked.

Parting of the Ways

I waited until President Eisenhower took office on January 20, 1953, before I sent my resignation to the Gimo. I told him plainly that I deemed the term of my usefulness already past and I could not serve in any capacity any more. He responded by telling me, "You are tired. You need a rest. I shall give you a month's leave of absence for you to recuperate."

During my month's "sick leave," the Gimo threatened that he would cut off all relations with me unless I would go back to my office and do absolutely what he told me to do. When these threats became of no avail, there was a dastardly attempt on my life, which would have had all the appearances of a natural accident, but which my wife and I fortunately discovered in time. (Some people knew of the incident at that time, and one of them is an honest and good-hearted American who is now in this country.)

After my resignation was finally accepted, in the middle of April, it was the Gimo himself who dictated the official news release that indicated that he had accepted my resignation with great reluctance and that a diplomatic mission abroad was soon to be given to me. This last, of course, he had never had any intention of doing.

My education commissioner resigned with me in April. A new man, young Chiang's stooge, has been put in his place. The commissioner of finance and the commissioner of police of my successor's provincial government are well known as Chiang Ching-kuo's men. And Governor O. K. Yui, who has succeeded me, has also been long known in China as a yes-man.

K. C. WU

Born in Hupeh Province in 1903, son of the director of military training of the Imperial Chinese Army. Received A.B. from Grinnell College, Iowa, in 1923; Ph.D. from Princeton in 1926; also took courses at Colorado and Cornell.
Joined the Kuomintang government in 1927; later personal secretary to Chiang; mayor of Hankow; mayor of Chungking, 1939-1943; Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs, 1943-1945; mayor of Shanghai, 1946-1949; Governor of Formosa and Minister Without Portfolio, 1949-1953.

After considerable difficulty and a direct appeal to the top, K. C. Wu and his wife were granted passports to come to the United States. But their sixteen-year-old son was not allowed to leave Formosa with them. Several months went by.

I WAS NOT forgotten. Perhaps the Formosans liked me too much. Perhaps the Gimo and his son just thought it would be too dangerous for them to have me running loose and not under their surveillance. So, on November 25, 1953, while I was in New York, a special messenger delivered to me a personal and confidential message from Formosa. It said that the Gimo would like to appoint me secretary general of the President's office after the abrupt and still unexplained dismissal of an official named Wang Shih-chieh. I replied politely that I could not accept the offer.

Not long after my reply to that message was received in Formosa, my friends there began to acquaint me with a curious report about an organized whispering campaign that had been started against me. The rumors charged that I had illegally transferred some $500,000 of U.S. government funds to my own private account abroad, that Wang Shih-chieh was dismissed because he had colluded with me in that transaction, and that I had been living a high life in the United States, staying in a swanky apartment in the Waldorf-Astoria.

THE ORIGINATORS of these rumors knew that not many Formosans would believe those allegations, so they dragged in the name of Vice-President Nixon to bolster up their story. It was said that Nixon had furnished the information to the Gimo during his recent visit to Formosa. Last January I wrote to Vice-President Nixon, asking him to clarify the matter. I now have a reply from him, denying that he ever mentioned such a thing to the Gimo.

I have openly challenged the government to bring its evidence into an American court and demand my extradition. I will waive the special rights of political asylum and willingly face the charges. If convicted, I will return of my own will and suffer any penalty imposed on me.

In a letter to The Reporter, *Dr. Wu has commented further:*

For the interest of the United States and that of the free world, you cannot afford to abandon Formosa and to appease Red China in any way. The only course open to you is to bring every pressure you can on Chiang to make the reforms. As you know well, if you count the military and economic aid, Formosa is supported three-fourths by your taxpayers.

I am dragged into this controversy against my will. I have no intention to wreck Chiang Kai-shek's government, and only want it to adopt the reforms which are so sorely needed.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vietnam Awaits Independence And/or Annihilation

PEGGY DURDIN

SAIGON

FOR the last five years the one aim of most politically minded Vietnamese has been to get total independence from France. Now that this aim is about to be realized, the crucial problem is not liberation from France but liberation from the Vietminh Communists.

"What is the use of independence," an outstanding nationalist asked the other day, "if it simply means that after these bitter years we fall like a ripe apple into the hands of the Communists?"

The force and audacity of the 1953-1954 Vietminh military campaign, the prospect that France may negotiate peace with Ho Chi Minh, and Chief of State Bao Dai's failure to give his countrymen strong leadership have caused considerable ferment here this winter. Many anti-Communist nationalists believe there is no time to lose in organizing a strong, energetic, honest Government on the Vietnamese side that will be able at least to hold its own against Vietminh if it cannot defeat it.

"I figure we have about six months," said a Vietnamese who has been in several Bao Dai Administrations. "We have about a half a year to set up a clean, effective Government that can win the support of the population and put real backbone into the Vietnamese National Army. Otherwise if the French negotiate with Ho Chi Minh and withdraw their armies, we will be lost. Six months is not a long time."

FORMER EMPEROR BAO DAI, now called Chief of State, has made use of several Prime Ministers. To most nationalists, the current Buu Loc Cabinet is just another Bao Dai Government. By failing to take decisive action on the home front during its first three months of office, it has lost its chance to win the confidence of the Vietnamese people.

A distant relative of the former Emperor, Prince Buu Loc last December became Vietnam's President of Council, or Prime Minister. Thirty-nine, slighter and less stolid-faced than his royal cousin, a clever, polished diplomat, well educated in French literature and law, Buu Loc has been away from his tragic, complex country for most of the last ten years. One cannot possibly imagine him at ease in Vietnamese garb or in a little country village. He is much more at home among the diplomatic and fashionable circles of Paris.

"He would be an appropriate Prime Minister of Vietnam about ten years from now," as one European journalist put it. "This premature officeholding jeopardizes his whole political future."

He Meant Well

Buu Loc took office reluctantly. Bao Dai insisted on his return for two reasons. First, since the young prince had led the Vietnamese delegation that negotiated the famous March 8, 1949, accords with France and was thus Vietnam's foremost foreign diplomat, he was the obvious choice to negotiate Vietnam's final independence. Secondly, Bao Dai wanted a Prime Minister who would be loyal to him. In Asia no one is as dependable as a relative.

Buu Loc set up a Cabinet of "technicians" rather than representatives of political groups or sects; it includes a number of former Ministers and several newcomers who, like their chief, have spent most of their time in France. The Cabinet probably contains more competent individuals than any of the previous Bao Dai Governments, none of which have enjoyed a reputation for either energy or integrity.

Buu Loc's announced policies, like that of all former Prime Ministers, were impeccable: the calling of a consultative appointed National Assembly as soon as it was feasible; honesty in government; prosecution of corruption; national independence; agrarian reform after due study; a higher standard of living.

He also guaranteed greater freedom of the press, except where the "honor of the Chief of State" was concerned. But today, as always, column after column is left blank in Vietnamese newspapers where articles have been deleted by officials. Anti-American pieces or delicately phrased arguments for peace and negotiations with the Vietminh get by the censor; pieces criticizing the Administration or calling for a National Assembly do not.

Although Buu Loc's attention was always fixed chiefly abroad, on the Paris negotiations and the Geneva Conference, some nationalists believe that he honestly intended to set up good government. Organizing a new Ministry, that of National Democratization, he gave the post to his most trusted aide in Paris, Nguyen Dac Khe. But after their first month in office, both men realized they could achieve no fundamental and vital reforms, at least partly because of the lack of co-operation from Bao Dai. Buu Loc had promised certain nationalists the heads of one or two of Vietnam's most corrupt officials. These men remain in office. The immediate convocation of a National Assembly also met Bao Dai's opposition.

Only trivial efforts to demonstrate a new governmental attitude were possible. Buu Loc toured the slum areas of Saigon, and he ordered that officials should be courteous to the public, that lemonade should replace the customary champagne at official functions, that Ministers be called "Monsieur le Ministre" instead of "Excellence," that Vietnamese should replace French as far as possible in government communications.

Perhaps Buu Loc thought he could still win popular support by returning from France and saying, "Look, I got you total independence." But he threw away his best cards when he left for Paris and Geneva without inaugurating any real reforms or convoking a National Assembly.

The French Pick a Ruler

Bao Dai's backing has less political value for a Vietnamese Prime Minister than it did a few years ago. Many

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

French officials and Vietnamese nationalists have come to the conclusion that Bao Dai will never give his country real leadership, that under the present scheme of government he is more of an impediment to progress than an asset.

Nothing in his life has prepared Bao Dai to be a fighter or a man of decisive action. Although he was puppet Emperor of Annam from 1932 until his abdication under Vietminh pressure in 1945, he escaped from the harsh, unpleasant realities of French domination into a life of luxury and pleasure in Hong Kong. In 1949, when the French had no intention of giving Vietnam total independence, they brought Bao Dai back as Chief of State because they knew his temperament.

Since 1949 Bao Dai has isolated himself in Dalat and Banmethout, intriguing against the French for his country's independence and refusing to emerge from his private mountain fief until he's got it. Remote from the day-to-day problems of war and government, he has whiled away the time with hunting and other expensive frivolities. Bao Dai is now many times a millionaire, although five years ago in Hong Kong he was a man of only moderate means.

Bao Dai's supporters say that by devious pressures and by withholding Vietnamese independence, the French have prevented the Chief of State from exerting real leadership. His critics say that no one has really prevented him from touring the country to win the support of his people for the government, visiting the Vietnamese National Army in the field, or in fact taking a more intransigent stand than he has so far for his country's total independence.

No Parties, but One Candidate

There are no real political parties in Vietnam, except, of course, for the Communists. A French official of long experience says there are three kinds of "nationalists" in the Franco-Vietnamese side today: men with money, like ex-Prime Minister Tran Van Huu; cliques and sects; and intellectuals without party or formal support whose strength comes only from the fact that they express the private, unvoiced sentiments of great numbers of the people.

The only organized group in the north is the Dai Viet, a "mandarin" party headed by Governor Nguyen Huu Tri. Split into several factions, it is a working alliance of bureaucrats rather than a real political party.

The Caodaists are the biggest and strongest sect in the south. Pro-Japanese during the last war, strongly nationalist and anti-Communist, Caodaists follow a religion that combines Buddhism, Taoism, Catholicism, and spiritualism. Most Caodaists live around the holy city of Tay Ninh, their religio-politico-military center northwest of Saigon, where a Pope presides over an extraordinary temple decorated with lotus flowers, dragons, innumerable all-seeing eyes (the symbol of divinity), and a statue of Victor Hugo. A militant, well-organized church-state, the Caodaists claim several million adherents. They have twenty thousand men under arms, led by a homespun general who knows Cochin China (now officially called South Vietnam) like his own back yard because he bicycled through it in 1945-1946, secretly reorganizing his following.

The Hoa Hao, another religio-political sect, are reformed Buddhists. They have a little private domain in southwest Cochin China and perhaps ten or fifteen thousand men under arms.

The country's Catholics, an important and strongly nationalist minor-

ity, have no political party; many of them are still in Vietminh areas.

A recent coalition of Caodaists, the Hoa Hao, some members of the Dai Viet, and some independents demanded an immediate appointive assembly with large powers and a chance to install a more vigorous anti-Communist Government. Since there are no legal and constitutional channels through which groups like this can work, it is not surprising to hear them make an occasional conspiratorial reference to grenades and plastic bombs.

There is only one anti-Communist Vietnamese whom practically all nationalists respect and around whom many might rally to form an honest, unquestionably anti-Vietminh reform Government. He is a fifty-four-year-old Catholic named Ngo Dien Diem, who has been out of public office for twenty-two years and out of his country for the last three or four.

Diem, at thirty-two, was one of Bao Dai's first Ministers in 1932 when the nineteen-year-old Emperor returned from France to take over the throne of Annam. Discovering after a few months that the French were not going to let Bao Dai be a real ruler, Diem resigned his post and retired from public life. Since then he has lived very simply, reading and studying.

The Vietminh kept Diem temporarily under surveillance at the end of the Second World War. The Vietminh commander in chief, General Vo Nguyen Giap, is reputed to have said during this period, "Vietnam has only two real leaders—Ho Chi Minh and Ngo Dien Diem. There is not enough room in the country for both of them."

In 1947-1948, when the French were trying to persuade Bao Dai to become Vietnam's Chief of State, Ngo Dien Diem strongly advised the ex-Emperor not to return unless Vietnam had real and complete independence. Believing that full independence was necessary before any real effort could be made against the Vietminh, he refused office in the subsequent Bao Dai Government. He left Vietnam for Rome in the Holy Year of 1950 and stopped off for a while in a Catholic establishment in New Jersey at the invitation of Cardinal Spellman. Since then he has been living with friends in Belgium and Paris.

"If Ngo Dien Diem comes back as President of Council," a Frenchman who knows him well has said, "his

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

life will be in great danger of assassination by the Vietminh, and he knows it. He will move the capital to Hanoi. He will wear Vietnamese clothes. He will have some of the more important corrupt officials shot. But I don't know whether even Ngo Dien Diem can find enough honest men to fill all the government posts below him."

Even some of the Vietnamese who admire him are a little afraid of Diem's rigidity and force of character. But most agree that for the moment he is the best man available to head a strong anti-Vietminh Government.

There May Still Be Time

Without question, the great majority of Vietnamese on both sides of this seven-year-long war want peace at any price. As was the case in China, people discontented with the present régime who have not experienced Communist rule think any change would be for the better. There is no real leadership, no faith, no unity, no popular base, and no widespread will to resist Communism. Vietminh regulars and provincial militia are scattered all through Vietnam; Vietminh agents and sympathizers are everywhere.

Neither Buu Loc nor Bao Dai has ever made a strong, clear, unequivocal declaration against a negotiated settlement. In fact, Bao Dai has never made a forthright statement against the Vietminh. The Caodaists, the Hoa Hao, and many independents are firmly opposed to peace talks until non-Communist Vietnam has a Government and an army that can match the Vietminh in strength. Former members of Bao Dai Governments generally oppose a settlement, although, as one of them recently pointed out, they can always flee to France.

A non-Communist nationalist who was with the Vietminh from 1945 until 1953 sums the situation up like this: "I think we may still have enough time. First of all, France must give us complete independence and mean it. We cannot win this kind of war without the support of the people, and we shall never have that support as long as the common people think that only the Vietminh stands for the struggle for independence."

At Home & Abroad

Canada's Social-Security System for Children

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

THE LAST TIME millions of Americans were out of work their craving for assurance against want produced unemployment compensation, old-age assistance, and our entire system of Social Security benefits. If such economic hardships occur again, a new phrase is likely to be heard in the land: "family allowances."

Already the need for family allowances—government payments to families for the benefit of children—has been stressed by many trade unions, by the American Public Welfare Association and by legislators such as Democratic Senator James E. Murray of Montana. After a Jesuit priest named Francis J. Corley had told a conference of social workers in Philadelphia that the nation should study a system of family allowances, he reported receiving favorable mail from all forty-eight states.

If family allowances eventually are adopted in the United States, they

probably will resemble in substantial measure the program that has been in effect in Canada since the year 1945.

A Canadian mother receives from the Dominion government a total of $1,128 between a child's birth and its sixteenth birthday. By law, the money must be spent directly for the welfare of the child. Family allowances are tax-free, and payment goes to all families, whether the child is reared in a Montreal mansion, a Saskatchewan farmhouse, or an igloo on frozen Coronation Gulf.

The only distinction is that Eskimo and Indian mothers are paid "in kind," with credits at Hudson's Bay Company trading posts, rather than by check. The amount of the government allowance varies with the age of the child. These are the monthly payments:

Under 6	$5
6 through 9	$6
10 through 12	$7
13 through 15	$8

"The allowance," reads Canadian law, "shall be applied exclusively towards the maintenance, care, training, education and advancement of the child."

Money Well Spent

Soon after the enactment of the Family Allowances Statute, infant mortality dropped, and there was an increased demand for pediatricians. More doctors began specializing in children's diseases. Milk consumption rose by 39,000,000 pounds a month. Annual production of children's shoes rose from 9,144,000 pairs to 14,160,000. The sale of toys and books for children also showed a gain.

Some months ago my wife and I were at a trading post on the headwaters of the vast Mackenzie River system. The factor told us that he rarely had sold Pablum prior to the start of the family allowances program. "Now," he said, "this one post moves nearly a thousand cases of

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pablum a year. There's been a similar change with powdered milk, canned fruit juice and strained baby foods."

The factor explained that this accelerated demand applied equally to Indian and white customers. We watched a stalwart Royal Mounted

constable, muskrat-pelt cap on his head and swagger stick under his arm, advising a swarthy Indian mother how best to spend her family-allowance credits. Once he put a box of chocolates back on the shelf and gently moved the Indian woman's hand to the condensed milk and powdered eggs.

FAMILY ALLOWANCES first were recommended in Canada by a committee consisting of leading social scientists. The report was drafted by Professor Leonard C. Marsh of the University of British Columbia, who wrote, "Children's needs should be met as a special claim on the nation not merely in periods of unemployment and distress, but at all times." Marsh urged particularly that the program would be degraded if the payments went only to families that could demonstrate genuine poverty. Children would suffer because of false pride on the part of their parents, and the payments might become a dole rather than an allowance. And he warned that a means test would force the government to fritter away much of the money which ought to be spent on the children in salaries for an army of case workers and investigators.

Professor Marsh's arguments prevailed, although the universality of the program has been its most controversial feature. Money out of the national treasury for the sons and daughters of millionaires? Some of the millionaires themselves were indignant. Why should they be demeaned with a handout from the government?

Gradually there was a change in attitude. Today most of our wealthier Canadian friends put family-allowance checks in special bank accounts bearing the children's names, to be used for travel or education later. We were told by a Mounted Police sergeant at Chilliwack Post that family allowances would make it possible for his daughter to take nurse's training and for his son to take special college courses to prepare him for becoming a Mountie officer.

Liberal Landmark

When the late Prime Minister W. L. Mackenzie King made family allowances a cardinal feature of the platform of Canada's dominant Liberal Party, the program was attacked on the grounds that it would go mainly to subsidize huge families in Catholic Quebec. Voters in other provinces were reminded that an eloquent French-Canadian priest, Father Leon Lebel, had been one of the most insistent advocates of the policies suggested in the Marsh report.

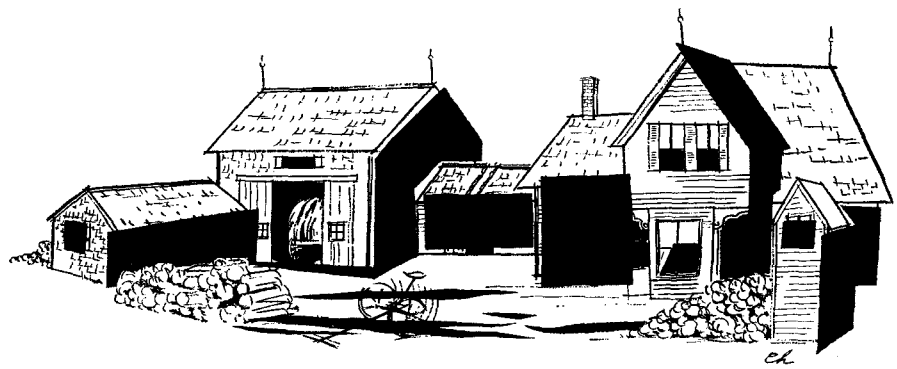
In practice the total average allowance per family in Quebec is only $16.14 as compared with $16.32 in New Brunswick and $17.43 in Canada's newest province, Newfoundland. Quebec taxpayers contribute 34 per cent of the nation's tax revenues and they receive 31 per cent of the total sum spent on family allowances. This sum, incidentally, amounts to $350 million a year.

On the twentieth of each month, family-allowance checks are mailed to 2,074,042 Canadian mothers. The number of children "in pay" is 4,822,114, which comes to 2.3 per family. The average allowance per child is $6.04 monthly. To qualify for family allowances, a child must have been born in Canada or lived there a full year. The child must be in a standard school, either public or private. School enrollment soared tremendously when the Family Allowances Act became effective.

In its original form, the bill provided for reduced payments to the fifth and each subsequent child in the same family. But Professor Marsh and others pointed out that this threatened the whole purpose of the program. In the biggest families the need for improved diet, clothing and medical care might be the most urgent. In 1949 Parliament eliminated the provision for reduced rates. While on a journey over the Alaskan Highway, I heard of several Indian families in Canada's Yukon Territory who were receiving more than $100 apiece in family-allowance credits each month.

High Standard of Honor

I have seen the breakdown of a year's allowance expenditures by a prairie family with nine children. Of the $700 in benefits, more than $150 was spent on boots and shoes. The next largest item was $69 invested in woolen windbreakers, in a region where winter temperatures of fifty below zero are not uncommon. Special mattresses and a cart for an invalid child used up $55. The only frivolities seemed to be $11.55 for a baseball outfit and $6 for assorted gadgets.



Administrative costs are unusually low—a mere 1.4 per cent of the total appropriation. But is the program riddled by extensive chiseling, in the absence of case workers to supervise need? Most Canadian author-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ities seem to believe that a high standard of honor prevails.

Any program devoted to the welfare of children is heavily charged with emotion. Neighbors who believe that family-allowance checks are being invested in wine, women, and song are sure to call the nearest Mounted Police detachment. Canadian courts are particularly stern when confronting parents who have squandered the children's allotment on their own pleasure.

In Edmonton, the oil-rich provincial capital of Alberta, my wife and I saw an attractive young woman selecting a handbag in a department store. She paid for it by check. We were at a nearby counter. Suddenly we noticed a little cluster of salesgirls looking furtively at the woman. One went to a telephone. In the time that it took to cash the check, a female representative had arrived from the local family-allowance office.

The shopper had paid for the new purse with a monthly family-allowance check. She finally explained that the check had arrived late that month and that she had used her own money for the special foods and clothing she customarily bought for the three children that she had at home.

At Aklavik, on the Arctic Ocean, the government permitted the family allowances of an entire Eskimo tribe to be invested in a motorboat. With slow-moving skin kayaks, the Eskimos could track down few animals. The children needed meat. With a speedy motor launch, many more seals and walruses and polar bears could be slain. This would improve the diet of the children and clothe them in warm furs. The extraordinary request went all the way to Ottawa, but the Eskimo tribe was allowed to buy its motorboat for the express purpose of improving the standard of living of the children.

One of the most compelling arguments for the adoption of family allowances in Canada was the claim in the Marsh Report that "one-fifth of all Canadians who work for a living are supporting more than four-fifths of all the country's children under the age of sixteen." This has given credence to the further claim that, by helping to ameliorate poverty in childhood, the family-allowance program may lessen ill health, financial failure and other reasons for dependency on the public at the other end of life's journey.

Sponsorship of family allowances has served the Liberal Party faithfully on many election days. Liberal orators have never let the nation forget that George Drew, leader of the Conservatives, referred to the first family allowances proposal as an "iniquitous bill." All family-allowance appropriations now pass the House of Commons unanimously.

Family allowances in Canada are wholly a project of the national government. Benefits are identical in every sovereignty. Ottawa sets the standards, enforces the regulations, and foots the bill. No oratorical obeisance is paid to "provincial rights." Canadians familiar with the family allowances program told us that a sliding scale, such as the U.S. old-age assistance grant of $70 in Colorado and $27 in South Carolina, would never be tolerated.

"If that discrepancy prevailed in family allowances," a bespectacled M.P. from a British Columbia seacoast riding told me, "we probably would have a steady migration into the province with the most generous benefits for its children. We look upon our children as citizens of the nation, rather than as citizens of particular compartments within the nation."

What About Our Children?

In the United States, Senator Murray has told his colleagues that the "question of family allowances must be met in the re-examination of our entire Social Security program." If Canada's exact pattern were followed, family allowances would cost the U.S. Treasury approximately $3,880 million annually. But they would seem a highly effective pump-primer if the present downturn gets worse. The bulk of family-allowance checks would be poured at once into the business stream. Emotionally the program would have great appeal because children are involved. A great majority of the country's families would benefit from such a program, because of the bumper crop of war babies born to young couples during the past decade.

"Family allowances" may be a familiar phrase in the United States by the time Congress becomes serious about taking another look at the entire problem of Social Security here.

Perhaps it will then seem politically, economically and socially wise to be as concerned about welfare in infancy as in old age.

The People Vs. McCarthy

MARYA MANNES

A lot of people in a lot of places have hated Joe McCarthy for a long time. They have hated him not for what he was doing to them, for these are neither Communists nor fellow travelers, but for what he was doing to their country.

Some of them—the braver, the more articulate, with means of expression at hand—have made their detestation known, often at risk to themselves and their futures. Editors, statesmen, politicians, labor leaders, commentators, civic leaders, writers, ministers, have fought McCarthy and his influence for years with reason and argument, being motivated by nothing less than that devotion to country which the Senator claims exclusively.

But aside from these, the millions who loathed and feared the junior Senator from Wisconsin for like reasons did little—could do little, they thought—but talk angrily among themselves. A few, in a few

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

places, circulated petitions; a number sent letters and telegrams to the White House and Congress asserting their support of the Administration against its major wrecker. But by and large, Americans Against McCarthy could not have been called a mass movement.

Historic Telecast

Then one night—March 9, 1954—that greatest of all mass media, television, became, in the hands of a brave man, a sort of catalyst. On it, millions sitting in their living rooms saw McCarthy in the acts of his own deceit and heard these words of Edward R. Murrow:

"This is not the time for men who oppose Senator McCarthy's methods to keep silent, or for those who approve. We can deny our heritage and our history, but we cannot escape responsibility for the result. As a nation we have come into our full inheritance at a tender age. We proclaim ourselves, as indeed we are, the defenders of freedom, what's left of it, but we cannot defend freedom abroad by deserting it at home. The actions of the junior Senator from Wisconsin have caused alarm and dismay amongst our allies abroad and given considable comfort to our enemies, and whose fault is that? Not really his; he didn't create this situation of fear, he merely exploited it and rather successfully. Cassius was right: 'The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves.' "

You have read what happened. CBS was inundated by calls, telegrams, and letters. Up to March 26 about 22,000 letters had been received and sorted, of which all but approximately 2,500 were pro-Murrow. The first days after the broadcast the response from the New York area was 10-1 in Murrow's favor. People said, "Well, of course—the Eastern Seaboard . . . ," meaning the supposedly intellectual, internationalist Easterners—traditional enemies of the Senator. But when the letters came from the Midwest and Far West, the proportion shifted only one point, remaining at 9-1 in Murrow's favor except for California, where the balance was 8-3. Texas, oddly enough, was the source of comparatively little mail; what there was of it was largely pro-Murrow. Wisconsin was predominantly against the Senator.

Cry of Gratitude

Of a hundred pro-Murrow letters I saw, the great majority were well expressed, neatly written or typewritten, and signed. Most of the writers thanked Murrow with an almost audible cry of gratitude for having the courage to tell the country what they themselves had long felt about the danger presented by the Senator. Of the hundred anti-Murrow letters I examined, the majority were scrawled and abusive. A great many were unsigned—terms like "A Real American" or "Patriot" often substituted for names. These letters described Murrow in such familiar terms as a "Bleeding heart Pinko," a "Pet of the *Daily Worker*," a "goody-goody doublecrosser," a "dupe of the Kremlin," a "Jewish bootlicker and a lying traitor," and a "first-class skunk."

"No one familiar with the story of this country," Murrow had said, "can deny that Congressional committees are useful. It is necessary to investigate before legislating, but the line between investigating and persecuting is a very fine one and the junior Senator from Wisconsin has stepped over it repeatedly."

The week after this first broadcast, Murrow devoted his "See It Now" to a graphic illustration of this trespass: the hearing of Annie Lee Moss, the Army employee accused by McCarthy of being a Communist who had access to "TOP SECRET material" in a code room. As the hearing progressed and it became increasingly evident that Annie Lee Moss might be nothing of the sort, and that what "evidence" there was was so far unsubstantiated, the Senator excused himself and left, turning the hearing over to Senator Mundt and the irate reactions of Democratic Senators Symington and McClellan to what they clearly considered a highly irregular process.

A second wave of letters to CBS followed this broadcast—again 9-1 in Murrow's favor. This time there were letters from people who said they had thought the first McCarthy "See It Now" an unfair and biased attack, but who realized after seeing with their own eyes the "shocking" procedure against Annie Lee Moss that the Senator had, in fact, convicted himself. To use the verb in several letters, the sight of this elderly, soft-spoken "nobody" (who could hardly read English, let alone code) subjected to the charges of unseen witnesses "sickened" them. The temperature was rising steadily.

'We Believe . . .'

But even a broadcast like Murrow's could not have generated this heat if the pulses of thousands of ordinary people were not already beating fast. Now ordinary citizens—men and women without "names"—are marching against McCarthy.

In the village of Bridgehampton—a small potato-farming community near the tip of Long Island—a country lawyer named Bryan Hamlin and his tennis partner, a public-relations executive named Edward Chase, had hatched out a plan in the locker room of their club. "Neither of us," wrote Chase, "is in politics or with any pressure groups or has any special axes to grind: except we found we shared a mutual hatred for McCarthyism and a fear for what it is doing to America and how it is hurting us in the crucial fight against our greatest enemy, Communism." So together last summer they wrote a petition addressed to President Eisenhower and Members of Congress, containing—among its eight paragraphs—these:

"While we recognize the peculiarly dangerous nature of the communist threat, employing, as it does, a diversity of 'fifth column' techniques, and the consequent need for investigations, nevertheless, we believe that the methods of investigation by some Congressional Committees, notably Senator McCarthy's, jeopardize not only the rights of the individual, but also the welfare of free society." They went on to take issue with those who abuse the Fifth Amendment with the sole aim of defeating the lawful purpose of a committee, and ended their petition with the following recommendation:

"We therefore urge you to express your views and to use your influence and authority to the ends that Congressional investigations shall be governed by recognized legal principles and procedure; and that ade-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quate safeguards, to protect the individual investigated, be established; that Congressional investigators who jeopardize the rights of individuals be replaced, and that such other steps as are necessary be taken to arrest that development which is a danger to our freedom of mind and spirit, is so contrary to our American ideals and traditions, and so similar to that which we have condemned and fought, and continue to condemn and fight in others. Our moral leadership in world affairs may also depend on such action and our best defense against Communism is to make democracy work in this Country."

Several thousand of these were printed, and a blank sheet was attached to each for signatures. To Bryan Hamlin went the expense and task of distributing them. For the reassurance of those who did not know him, he appended a brief outline of his background and activities. These included service as a Red Cross ambulance driver and pursuit pilot in the First World War ("credited with one plane"), as a member of the National Guard for seven years, as pilot and officer in the Second World War, former Scout Commissioner and District Chairman of the Boy Scouts of America, member of the American Legion, the Williams Club, and the Bridgehampton Golf Club, former director of the Suffolk County Bar Association, and now editor in chief of the Suffolk County Bar Bulletin.

"Last summer and early fall," said Chase, "people of both parties were timid and hesitant about signing petitions. They didn't like McCarthy but were afraid to commit themselves in writing. But after the Army-Cohn-McCarthy row, we had no trouble—people signed in droves." Up to now they have five to six thousand names from over a dozen states. Enormous response has come from the campuses all over the country, largely as the result of a tiny ad placed by Hamlin and Chase in the New York *Times* "Review of the Week" section one Sunday.

"This thing is gathering impetus every day," said Chase on a note of pleased surprise, "and what's more it's not on a political level—just as many Republicans as Democrats have signed. It's on a moral and ethical level. You should see some of the letters!" Among them was this, chosen as typical of the ordinary "nameless" people who have responded:

"Nocturnal feedings of the new baby have an advantage I've just come to realize. They let me think in the extraordinary stillness of the hour. My thoughts are of Senator McCarthy and how to stop him."

And then this young mother presented four useful suggestions toward this end.

In Sauk City, Wisconsin, the editor of the region's weekly has launched a movement to return Senator McCarthy to private life. The Sauk City *Star* proposed a petition campaign to force the Wisconsin Republican to stand for a recall election. Within twenty-four hours, only five hundred of the 4,000 petitions originally printed were left. A recall election would require 400,000 signatures—one-quarter of the total vote for governor in 1952 in Wisconsin, and each signer must be a qualified Wisconsin voter. Although there appear to be a good many legal problems about this recall movement, Editor Leroy Gore intends to continue, if only as a protest. "I was one of Joe's supporters in the last campaign and I want to rectify that mistake."

So, apparently, do a goodly proportion of the 125,000 who have already signed.

In New Canaan, Connecticut, Mrs James G. Rogers, Jr. is circulating a petition to Vice-President Richard M. Nixon which includes these statements:

"We protest the conduct of Senator Joseph McCarthy in impugning the integrity and competence of responsible officials of the United States Government, and in subjecting to humiliation and abuse loyal officers of the United States Army."

The petition requests that constant scrutiny be made of the funds allocated to Senator McCarthy's subcommittee and of the "charges of tax evasion, perjury, deceit and fraud which already stand on Joseph McCarthy's personal record in Wisconsin and in Washington.

"We believe that Joseph McCarthy is unfit to serve as a member of the highest legislative body of the United States Government. . ."

The petition is making the rounds in at least eighteen states, and seems, according to friends of Mrs. Rogers, to be "snowballing." "We are getting two Republican signatures for every Democratic one," they add.

Sixteen may not be old enough to vote, but it is old enough to volunteer in the army against McCarthy. In New York City, a senior at Horace Mann High School started his own assault on the Senator before Murrow's broadcast and without awareness of other petitions. He is Paul Goodman, president of the student body. Goodman got the idea after seeing a number of McCarthy Committee hearings on television. "I thought we ought to do something. It's no use just sitting around saying, 'Isn't this guy terrible, how can they let him get away with it,' etc., so I had two kinds of postcards made up addressed to the President—one for Republicans"—these cards read in bold type: MR. PRESIDENT: WE PUT YOU IN, DON'T LET MCCARTHY PUT YOU OUT—"the other for Democrats and independents"—MR. PRESIDENT: STOP MCCARTHY BEFORE MCCARTHY STOPS YOU!

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Each card has space below for the signer's name and address. Goodman paid for the first printing himself—$26 for a thousand cards—and after they went, in a few days, friends and parents paid for more. "They're going fine," he said. "We've got rid of 1,500 already, and we're printing more. We think maybe they'll give the President encouragement."

It is doubtful whether the device of printed cards is the best method for influencing the President or anyone else. But the initiative which set them into motion is one of a number of signs that the young are neither apathetic nor unaware of the danger which McCarthyism presents to what will shortly be their United States.

IN THE LAST few months, many new groups have joined the citizens' army. In Baltimore, for instance, six young housewives in the Ruxton-Riderwood section have already received 10,875 requests for their form letter of protest against McCarthy's tactics; a Westport, Connecticut, committee largely composed of Republicans is working nights to organize an anti-McCarthy rally; another group in Westchester County is planning action; students at Bloomington, Indiana, have printed leaflets stating their willingness to believe Benton's charges against McCarthy and widely circulated them.

In New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Newark, and a score of other places, groups of citizens are dedicating themselves to bringing the Senator to trial on those charges to which—by the mere fact of dropping his suit against Benton—they believe he tacitly admits having no defense.

These groups are having little difficulty in raising funds for taking ads in the newspapers; it is the newspapers themselves that make the difficulties. In Washington a group of reputable citizens spearheaded by Gerhard van Arkel, a private lawyer formerly with the National Labor Relations Board, raised the $10,000 overnight needed to buy full pages in *Post and Times Herald* and the *Star,* both of which refused to print the ad for reasons varying from fear of libel to the understandable reluctance to become bivouacs for partisan passions, since they would then have to accept full-page ads from McCarthy adherents.

IT is probably premature to think that these petitions, these groups, and these ads will mark the end of McCarthy's influence. But with each one, reaction against it gathers momentum. Many of us haven't the courage to stand up unless another stands up first. And so we wait, outraged, indignant, and impotent, until the brave speak up.

The Man Who Shut Down The Port of New York

SANFORD GOTTLIEB

DURING the month of March, produce rotted in the holds of freighters moored along New York's sprawling waterfront, shipping was diverted to other ports, "goon" squads of the International Longshoremen's Association clashed with AFL dockers in search of work, and the jobs of thousands in industries depending upon foreign trade were threatened.

The sources of the difficulty ran very deep, but the dock tie-up began when one man was fired on Moore-McCormack's Pier 32. In the life-or-death struggle between the mobster-dominated ILA and the new AFL union of the same name, what single docker possessed such importance as to set off the chain reaction that virtually closed down the Port of New York? He was forty-seven-year-old William Francis McMahon, the elected shop steward on Pier 32 and one of the first longshoremen to swing over to the AFL group when it was established last September. That heresy made McMahon a special target of the ILA henchmen, who were determined to wipe out his considerable influence among the dockers.

On the morning of February 25 a group of second-echelon ILA bosses, "all the big brass except Captain Bradley and 'Packy' Connolly themselves," as McMahon put it, arrived at Pier 32 for a huddle with Moore-McCormack officials. The relationship between the ILA and the employers is such that two hours later the shipping company's assistant chief of operations emerged and told McMahon: "I'll have to let you go," adding somewhat apologetically, "You can stay on the payroll until five o'clock tonight."

"I don't need your generosity," McMahon snapped back, and with a few appropriate interjections walked away, forced off the pier for the third time in five months. He was back the following morning, carrying an AFL picket sign.

Truck drivers in the AFL Teamsters Union refused to cross McMahon's picket line. ILA leaders in turn ordered a boycott of the trucks. At those ILA-controlled piers where longshoremen refused to load or unload the AFL trucks, the truck drivers set up their own picket lines. The flow of merchandise to and from New York wharves was paralyzed as the ILA prepared to fight for its very survival on the waterfront.

AT THIS POINT the National Labor Relations Board entered the picture with an injunction to stop the ILA from boycotting the AFL trucks. Threatened from without by state and Federal restrictions and from within by the AFL's organizing inroads among the dock workers, the ILA bosses became desperate. The older union's "hard core," centered in the celebrated "Pistol Local" on Manhattan's Upper West Side, surreptitiously spread the order to strike.

The leaders claimed to have asked the men to work but professed to have no control over rank-and-file "anger" at the NLRB decision. ILA pickets used fists, stones, and knives to drive AFL members off

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

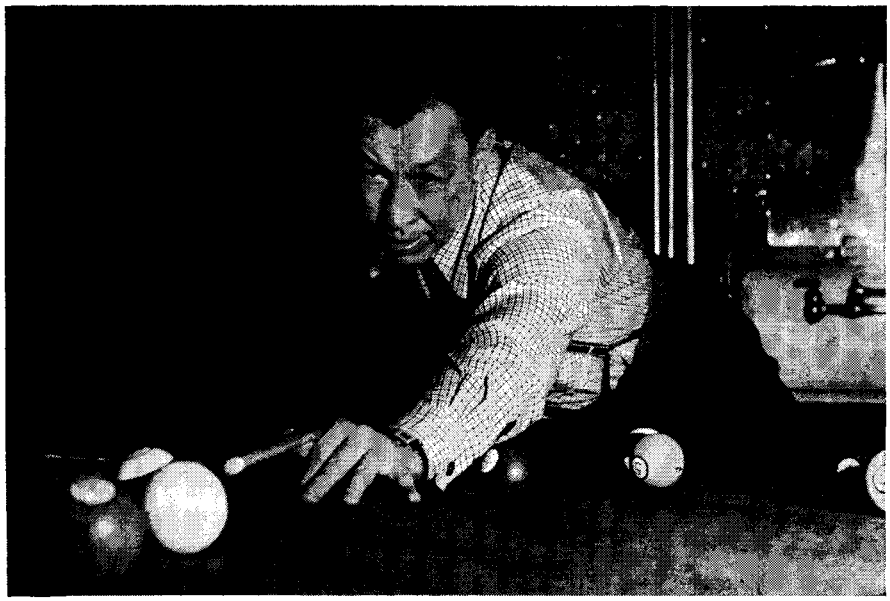
the piers, and, perhaps more effectively, threatened the lives of their families. The port was almost completely shut down. Passenger liners and freighters were diverted to other ports, and some shipping companies planned to move away from New York permanently.

The Making of a Rebel

The man who ostensibly started all this was not one to be frightened off by the prospect of a tough fight. Billy McMahon was born and raised in Greenwich Village, not the Village of night clubs, tourists, and artsy-crafty shops but that of Irish and Italian working-class families, street-corner gangs, and drab tenements upon which the false front is superimposed. McMahon became a professional boxer at the age of eighteen, and he likes to reminisce about his bouts with another neighborhood hero, Jim McNamarra. "Some of the kids used to throw tin cans and stones at me," McMahon recalls. A lightweight, he fought Benny Leonard during Leonard's comeback early in the 1930's. Although McMahon floored Leonard twice, he lost a split decision.

In 1934 McMahon followed most of the men in his family to the docks. Except for time in service during the Second World War and time lost in the current struggle against the ILA, he has been working on Pier 32 since the day it opened in 1940. Before the war McMahon, like all other East Coast longshoremen, was in no position to challenge the rule of the mobsters. At the height of its power the ILA was operated by armed hoodlums for the benefit of the employers to keep the longshoremen from making too much trouble about such details as better wages and working conditions.

Among the advantages that came to leaders of the ILA were gratuities from the employers (shipping and stevedoring firms made gifts of $182,214 to ILA leaders between 1947 and 1951), the collection of dues, the control of hiring and firing, the profits from theft of cargo and baggage, loan-sharking, and assorted other rackets that were brought to light by the Kefauver Committee and New York State Crime Commission investigations.



David Atherton

Billy McMahon

WHEN Staff Sergeant McMahon returned in 1945 from service in the Aleutians, he was in no mood to be pushed around. He balked at the domination of the ILA hoodlums, and soon discovered that his mood was shared by most of the younger longshoremen.

Local 895 of the ILA, the one to which McMahon belonged, was controlled at the time by the Dunn-McGrath mob. "Cockeye" Dunn, one of its leaders, was later electrocuted for the murder of a waterfront hiring boss. The local's business agent was "Sonny" Thompson, who managed to find time out from his union duties to keep a saloon. McMahon has described the first organized opposition as follows: "One Sunday afternoon a bunch of us rebels called a special meeting at St. Veronica's Church. But the mob packed the hall with a bunch of strangers, and they elected officers for another five years."

The "rebel" group then took the unprecedented step of bringing the case to court. Eventually, "Sonny" Thompson was ruled off the ballot, and McMahon's group succeeded in electing one of its own men to the local's executive board. McMahon says that unfortunately this man "started to play ball with the organization." But the break had been made, and the rebels of Local 895 had laid the groundwork for later efforts to clean up the docks.

For the past seven years Billy McMahon has been shop steward on Pier 32. According to the union's bylaws, a shop steward is an elected official and is responsible only to the membership; while a man holds this position, the employer may not fire him. McMahon took his responsibilities seriously and attended shop-steward courses for two years at the Xavier Labor School. But in handling the men's grievances, he has constantly seen his work undone by the ILA bureaucracy. "I settled minor beefs the way I believed to be right, according to the contract," he explained recently. "It stayed in force until the business agent showed his face and changed it." One day a work gang was dismissed after only two hours of work, although the unloading of the ship was not completed and the contract guaranteed a daily minimum of four hours' pay for work done on the pier. McMahon complained to the business agent, who was obliged to agree with him for once. "But then word came down from 'Packy' Connolly [ILA Executive Vice-President] saying it was O.K. to give the men two hours' pay," McMahon continued. "How can you do a job that way?"

895 Goes AFL

Last September, when the AFL expelled the ILA for refusing to rid itself of criminal elements, the ILA was engaged in what passed in that union for collective bargaining. McMahon was an elected member

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the wage-scale committee, where he had a chance to study the ILA brand of collective bargaining. "It was a phony," he has said, "the biggest farce you ever saw!" According to McMahon, Harold Bowers, king pin of the "Pistol Local," took the floor one day to make an appeal and said, "Boys, let's stop fighting for an eight-hour day. The employer can't afford it."

Reports of such proceedings were sometimes scoffed at by the more trusting members of Local 895. McMahon and his friends found that there was nothing more enlightening for the skeptics than to be elected to the wage-scale committee. There they saw for themselves that waterfront employers were in effect negotiating with themselves. When a number of reports confirmed what McMahon had been saying all along, the men overcame even their fear of reprisals and voted 249 to 59 to leave the ILA and join the new union the AFL was setting up to replace the union it had expelled. But the ILA did not—and does not—intend to give up without a fight the profitable position it has enjoyed on the docks for sixty-two years. After the vote had gone against him, the ILA business agent screamed at McMahon's faction, "I'll keep this here local in the ILA if there are only ten of us left!"

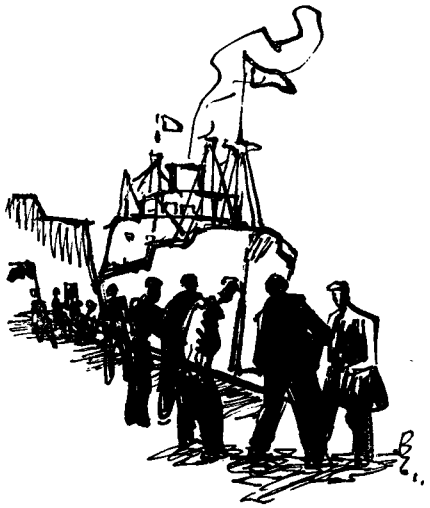
McMAHON got some indication of what the business agent meant the very next day. McMahon went to work on Pier 32 as usual, but he found his time card missing after lunch. When he complained to the business agent, McMahon was asked the classic question, "Which side are you on?"

"I thought you knew," McMahon replied mildly. "I'm AFL."

The business agent refused to return McMahon's time card, and ordered the shop steward off the pier. McMahon, accompanied by John Dwyer, an AFL organizer, appeared at Pier 32 the next morning. They were informed by the business agent that the men would stop work if McMahon tried to return. The longshoremen, afraid to speak out, stood by in sullen silence. Turning to the dockers, Dwyer asked, as if in innocent surprise, "Do you guys have anything against Billy here?" Apparently nobody had anything against Billy. The business agent was forced to retreat and McMahon went to work. The following day, however, was the beginning of last fall's waterfront strike, which was launched by the ILA in an attempt to sign contracts and thus head off the AFL union before it had signed up many members. The strike was soon ended by President Eisenhower's use of the Taft-Hartley injunction powers, but McMahon's time card was missing again.

ALL IN ALL, McMahon worked a total of two and a half days on Pier 32 from the end of September until the end of February. Extended negotiations between the AFL and the Moore-McCormack Line resulted in returning him to his job for one brief day before the final layoff in February.

During this period of enforced unemployment McMahon was an organizer for the new AFL dock union. The odds against his success were formidable, especially on Pier 32. Fear was the main ally of the ILA. The real power on Pier 32 was Albert ("Acky") Ackalitis, a former member of the so-called Arsenal Mob whose homicidal activities ex-



tended across the Hudson into New Jersey. Ackalitis, who has served time in Dannemora for bank and highway robbery, rarely had to say anything to be eloquently persuasive in getting the men to pledge their loyalty to the ILA. For those who refused to sign, the loss of their jobs was not what they feared most.

AFL sympathizer Mike Brogan, McMahon's first cousin, disappeared from his job on Pier 32 one night soon after he had refused to sign an ILA pledge of loyalty. His water-swollen body was fished from the North River three weeks later, with fingers on both hands missing. The police advanced the plausible theory that fish could have eaten his fingers. "But they also could have been removed in other ways," McMahon has been heard to remark. If it was what McMahon suspects, the death of Brogan was the third murder on Pier 32 in the last ten years. The AFL, which has no doubts about the cause of Brogan's death, is offering a $10,000 reward for "information leading to the arrest and conviction of the murderers of Michael Brogan."

Despite its stack of loyalty pledges and all the weapons of coercion at its disposal, the ILA was damaged by McMahon's stubborn battle. When he took up his picket sign at the end of February, outwardly the ILA still had Pier 32 in its grip, but about three-quarters of the men had secretly swung behind the new AFL union. After McMahon had picketed a few days, emissaries of the old organization paid him a backhanded compliment. They approached one of McMahon's friends to announce that they would accept an AFL shop steward on Pier 32, so long as it was not McMahon.

THE PUBLIC, however, did not see these signs of ILA weakness, but only the ILA's ability to keep AFL members from working the ships in the harbor. What had become, the public asked, of the 7,568 dockers who had voted for the AFL in last December's inconclusive National Labor Relations Board elections? The answer is simply that the ILA still had a large enough army of strong-arm men to scare the average longshoreman away from the docks. After another three weeks of dogged negotiations with the AFL behind closed doors, the Moore-McCormack Line finally agreed, on March 19, to rehire McMahon. The public may have missed the significance of this incident, but longshoremen fully realized what a telling blow had been struck against the ILA's reign of terror. McMahon's

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

calm acceptance of danger had given courage to other men. McMahon's rehiring had assumed a symbolic importance out of all proportion to the role any individual could play. It meant that dock workers, with AFL support, could successfully defy the mob.

Billy Hears a Death Rattle

Moore-McCormack kept Pier 32 closed down, nonetheless, in an unofficial lockout of the AFL men who wanted to work. This was also done on other piers, and further aid was given to the ILA cause by stevedoring firms that refused to hire AFL dockers. Although the employers displayed a keen public-relations sense in proclaiming a "three-pronged" legal attack against the ILA strikers, their allegiance to the ILA was condemned in an interim report by the New York-New Jersey Waterfront Commission.

Despite threats and actual reprisals and open employer support for the old union, McMahon believes that he hears the ILA's "death rattle." Assured, somewhat tardily, of adequate police protection, many of the longshoremen returned to work in the latter part of March. The ILA men who had not worked at all during this most unspontaneous of "wildcat" strikes were the hardest hit financially and must have built up a certain amount of resentment against their leaders.

The ILA leaders, however, never men to be embarrassed by legal action or public pressure, officially endorsed the walkout on March 24, and tried to extend it to the tugboat men and to other Atlantic ports. As a result of such flagrant defiance of the March 4 Federal injunction forbidding strikes, the ILA, eight of its locals, and three leaders, including Harold Bowers, were already facing trial. The attempt to widen the strike brought the full force of state and Federal authority onto the scene against the ILA, with Governor Dewey vigorously attempting to revive his racket-busting reputation in this election year.

Even with a return to normal port activity, McMahon and his friends will not be able to deliver the final blow against the ILA until the next NLRB collective-bargaining election. Last December's balloting was invalidated because of ILA acts of violence and intimidation. Until the new vote, then, McMahon's reinstatement remains an indecisive victory.

TOUGH, self-assured, solidly rooted in his waterfront neighborhood, McMahon, whose flattened nose and scar tissue above his serious hazel eyes are permanent reminders of his boxing career, refuses to be chased from the docks. On a warm evening he likes to look out on Perry Street, where he was born, from the four-room apartment where he lives with his wife and daughter. Seventeen-year-old William, Jr., recently enlisted in the Army. The neighborhood is as familiar as his own living room. He may drop in for coffee and a chat at Benny's, a local grocery and luncheonette frequented by teen-agers and dockers, join a game at the pool hall next door, or just stand and talk with other longshoremen on a street corner.

These are habits of a lifetime, acquired by seeing a previous generation of longshoremen do the same things in the same places after the same day's work. But these dockers want a better deal than their fathers had, and if they are to get it, McMahon knows, the hoodlums must be driven away.

Israel's Spiritual Climate

I. The New Home and Jewish Nostalgia

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

WHAT is an Israeli and what is a Jew? This question is much discussed in Israel, because the relationship between Israel and the Jews of the world is of obvious importance to the young state. Many Zionists believe in *Kibbutz Galuyoth*, the return of Jewry from all the countries of Diaspora. In their eyes every Jew outside Israel is virtually an exile; he has his duties toward Israel, the ultimate duty being to become an Israeli citizen. Young Israelis, on the other hand, especially the sabras, born and brought up in the country, have no sense of "belonging to world Jewry"; consequently, they do not see "world Jewry" as belonging to Israel. Some of them go so far as to say that they are Israelis, not Jews.

The distinction is perhaps not quite unreal. There is a touch of un-Jewishness about Israel: about the farmers struggling with the desert and making patches of it into vineyards and olive groves, about the soldiers cold-bloodedly watching the Arabs across the frontiers, about the popular consciousness of statehood and the toughness with which the people are willing to defend their nation against the outside world.

"Don't you feel that we Jews have our roots here?" the visitor is asked. The words "roots" and "rootlessness" occur very often in conversation. The ex-inmate of Nazi concentration camps, the sufferer from the old Polish anti-Semitism, and the victim of the Romanian Iron Guard at last have the feeling of being at home and secure. They express their satisfaction, relief, and pride.

All too often, however, a shrill overtone of nationalist mysticism jars on the ears, a mysticism not free of the old Chosen People racialism that always accords badly with the element of cool rationalism in the Jewish mind. But, after all, Israel is in legend the country of the Zohar, that second Bible of the world's mystics, and the homeland of the cabalists who spun their visions on the colorful rocks of nearby Safad. All the same, there is something disquieting in the intensity of the nationalist emotion that creeps into talks with Israelis, from the Prime Minister down to the road mender.

David Ben Gurion, still Prime Minister at the time of my visit, spoke to me bitterly about non-Zionist Jews: "They have no roots, they are rootless cosmopolitans—there can be nothing worse than that." I re-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

marked that he spoke as Stalin's propagandists spoke until recently about Jews at large. He waved his hands in protest:

"No, no. As Prime Minister of this country I have always maintained that in order to be of full value to their own state, Israelis must feel that they are citizens of the world—I am not inveighing against 'rootless cosmopolitanism' in the way they did it in Moscow."

This is, of course, Ben Gurion's second thought. Instinctively he condemns and denounces all those non-Zionist Jews in whom "belonging to Jewry" is not a central idea or a dominant emotion. But when attention is drawn to some coincidence between his words and recent Stalinist propaganda (of the era of "the doctors' plot"), he blushes with embarrassment and corrects himself.

The Linguistic Patch

In Israel the oldest people of the world has formed the youngest nation-state, and it is emotionally anxious to make good the time lost. To nearly all the Jews here the ideal of individual and collective happiness is to protect the prize with a solid shell. This implies shedding the Diaspora – the memories, the habits, the tastes, and the smells of thousands of years of exile. It implies forgetting the climates, the landscapes, the melodies, and the languages of many countries: Poland, Russia, Lithuania, Austria, Morocco, Turkey, Iraq. What a complex and many-sided process of psychological self-uprooting following upon tragic processes of physical displacement! In fact the overwhelming majority of this generation of Israelis has struck no roots in Israel and cannot strike any. Israel is the state of the displaced person; and that is why the Israelis talk so much about "striking roots."

They crave to get away from their past and to put out of their mind all the marks of indignity, all the stigmata of shame, all the yellow patches that the hatred of Jews has ever devised. They even crave to put out of their mind part of their own mind. Some Israelis, for instance, feel almost neurotically ashamed of Yiddish, the language of their first nursery rhymes and first Bible stories, the "jargon" in which an amazingly rich literature grew up in eastern Europe before Jewry's catastrophe. When, aboard Israeli ships or in Tel Aviv, I approached strangers and asked in what language they should be addressed, often the answer was "German"; only very rarely was it "Yiddish." The moment my new acquaintances opened their mouths, it became obvious that they were much less at

home in German than they would have been in Yiddish. But they would not admit it. Yiddish was the linguistic "yellow patch" they were determined to discard.

This attitude toward Yiddish was, however, characteristic of Zionism long before Hitler. From its beginning Zionism has aimed at the revival of Hebrew. There is a certain snobbery about it as there would be in an attempt by Greeks or Italians to abandon their modern languages and to revert to classical Greek or Latin. Zionism has always seen Jewry as the fairy-tale prince who has been condemned to live in pauperism for many years, but then returns to his royal palace, discards the gray and dirty rags of the painful masquerade, and puts on his royal gold and purple. At the threshold of Israel Jewry thus abandons the rags of Yiddish for the gold and purple of Hebrew.

"When are you starting to write your books in Hebrew instead of English?" Ben Gurion asked me in a tone of suggestive self-confidence. He took it for granted that any Jewish-born writer was under a moral obligation toward Israel's Hebrew literature.

Israeli-Hebrew self-assertiveness is calculated to weld all the disparate elements of Israel into a single nation and to give that nation a spiritual and cultural unity. However, behind this self-assertiveness there is also the Jews' natural nostalgia for the countries and cultures of their childhood and youth, a nostalgia that sometimes expresses itself in forms of the utmost nobility.

'People of the Book'

Almost every window of an Israeli bookshop tells you the tale of that nostalgia—almost every such window is a Jewish intellectual elegy. The bookshop is an extremely important element in Israeli life, for the Jews here have remained the *Am Hassefer* —the "People of the Book." The book is a first necessity here; and in Tel Aviv, Haifa, or Jerusalem there seem to be as many bookshops and lending libraries as there are groceries. In the farming settlements there are rich libraries that would do credit to a large city.

It is not the cheap best-sellers that fill the shelves, but the great and serious books of the poets and thinkers and social visionaries of all nations. You find them here in Hebrew translations and in their original languages. In one window, for instance, of a smallish back-street bookshop I found an elaborate edition of Goethe in German, a new Hebrew translation of Heine's *Buch der Lieder,* new Israeli editions of Gogol and Pushkin next to Hebrew translations of Freud's works, a selection of Walt Whitman's poems and a new Hebrew rendering of Mickiewicz's *Pan Tadeusz,* Poland's national epic, and some Hungarian and Romanian novels. Every group of immigrants seems anxious to convey the artistic thrills and literary excitements of its own childhood and youth to children brought up in Israel. A former Leipzig lawyer would like his son to taste with him the richness of Nietzsche's style; a Polish Jewess cannot imagine her daughter growing up without reading the social-patriotic novels of Zeromski; and an old Jew of Odessa argues with his grandson over the profundity of *The Brothers Karamazov.*

Heinrich Heine once wrote that when the Jews were driven from their land, they left behind them all their riches and took into exile only one possession—the Book. Then over the centuries that "phantom of a people" stood guard over the Book,

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Bible, preserving it for the rest of mankind. Now the "phantom" again materializes into a nation; and as it returns to its country it brings home to the banks of the Jordan and the hills of Judaea all the great books of the nations of the world.

Russia's Echo in Israel

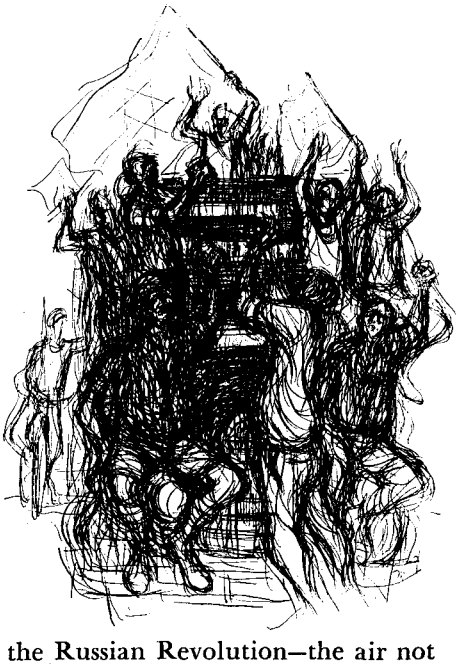
The State of Israel has been the work primarily of the Jews of eastern Europe, especially of Russia, Poland, and Lithuania. From their ranks came nearly all the visionaries of Zionism except Herzl and Nordau, nearly all the early leaders, spokesmen, statesmen, and pioneers. In 1948, when the Jewish State was proclaimed, Jews of Russian and Polish stock formed about one half of its population.

It was in the eastern European ghettoes that the ancient current of Jewish life ran strongest and that Jews dreamt the dreams of Zion most intensely. When on Passover they greeted each other with the traditional *Leshanah habbaah be-Yerushalayim*—"Next year in Jerusalem"—the greeting sounded very different there than in Jewish homes in western Europe or America. The processes by which, before the rise of Nazism, French, British, Italian, and German Jews were being "assimilated" never went far in Russia and Poland. The Jews there lived in large and compact masses; they had their own homogeneous way of life; and the absorptive powers of the Slavonic cultures were too weak in any case to draw them in and assimilate them. Eastern Europe was therefore the land of Jewry par excellence. (Not for nothing was Vilna called "the Jerusalem of Lithuania.") Is it to be wondered at that Israel is, as one Jew of western European origin puts it, a "spiritual colony of the east European ghettoes"?

Yet the east European ghetto had been deeply divided against itself; it had been in revolt against itself, against its own orthodoxy and tradition and against the outside world. That revolt took the two rival forms of Zionism and revolutionary-Marxist socialism.

While in the West socialism, liberalism, and Zionism were benevolently related to one another, in eastern Europe they competed bitterly for the loyalty of the Jewish masses. A deep cleavage always existed there between the Zionist and the anti-Zionist Jew. The anti-Zionist urged the Jews to trust their gentile environment, to help the "progressive forces" in that environment to come to the top, and to hope that those forces would effectively defend the Jews against anti-Semitism. "Social revolution will give the Jews equality and freedom; they have therefore no need for a Zionist Messiah"—this was the stock argument of generations of Jewish left-wingers. The Zionists, on the other hand, dwelt on "the deep-seated hatred of non-Jews toward Jews" and urged the Jews to trust their future to nobody except their own state. In this controversy Zionism scored a dreadful victory, one which it could neither wish nor expect: Six million Jews had to perish in Hitler's concentration camps in order that Israel should come to life. It would have been better that Israel should remain unborn and the six million Jews should stay alive—but who can blame Zionism and Israel for the different outcome? Israel is more than a spiritual colony of the eastern European ghettoes. It is their great, tragic posthumous offspring fighting for survival with breathtaking vitality.

EASTERN EUROPEAN Zionism was implicitly anti-revolutionary. Nevertheless it breathed the air of



the Russian Revolution—the air not of Stalinism, of course, but of that vast movement of revolutionary ideas that preceded the Bolshevik Revolution and reached its culmination with that revolution. On Zionism that movement of ideas left an indelible mark.

The young Jew who in Kiev, Odessa, or Warsaw distrusted the Russo-Polish revolutionary ideologies and longed to pioneer for the Jewish state in Palestine was as a rule hypnotized by the ideologies from which he fled, and he found this out after he had landed in Palestine. He came to Palestine with the crumbs from the table of the Russian Revolution, and he used those crumbs as the seed with which to sow the sacred desert of Galilee, Samaria, and Judaea.

At the new imposing Tel Aviv headquarters of the Histadruth some of the leaders are more at ease when they speak Russian than when they speak any other language, although they emigrated from Russia more than thirty years ago. Ben Gurion had no sooner welcomed me than he launched out on a lecture on the Russian Revolution—the topic obviously fascinated him:

"One man," he said, "could have saved the world, but, unfortunately, he missed his opportunity. That man was Lenin."

Ben Gurion is Polish rather than Russian, but this naïve dictum is his unwitting tribute to the Russian Revolution.

Mordehai Namir, the secretary general of Histadruth, when asked about the guiding principle of the big labor federation, answers with unshakable confidence:

"The govening principle here is democratic centralism—don't you know it?"

Democratic centralism, in the strict sense, is of course not a Russian or Bolshevik invention—it came to Russia and the Bolsheviks from western Europe. But it has come to Israel and Histadruth from Russia.

Egalitarianism

There are in Israel some striking contrasts of wealth and poverty. The distance between the hovels of the *Maabara* (transit) camps for moneyless immigrants and the hotels and villas on Mount Carmel is very great indeed. But there is also a widespread and acute sense of shame for these contrasts, a sense of shame such

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as existed in the Russia of Tolstoy and Chekhov. There is an egalitarian spirit alive in the working class such as flourished in Russia before it was eradicated by Stalinism. The trade unions stick to a quasi-egalitarian wage policy. The pay envelopes of the skilled and unskilled workers, the office employee, the professional man, and the civil servant differ relatively little in size, and people grumble that lack of incentive payment is retarding Israel's economic progress.

The kibbutz, the rural commune, is the epitome of Israeli egalitarianism. It is also the most important feature of Israeli's moral and intellectual landscape. The kibbutz is an indirect descendant of an idea of the Russian Narodniks or Populists; and it is a Narodnik vision of rural socialism that seems to have materialized in the Jewish oases scattered over the former Arabian desert.

The Narodniks preached their agrarian socialism in the second half of the last century, when Russia did not yet possess any modern industry; and the "Lovers of Zion," the forerunners of modern Zionism, came from Russia to Palestine before the Narodnik Utopia had faded completely. The next immigration wave came after the defeat of the Russian Revolution of 1905-1906; and the men of that wave founded some of the greatest and most beautiful kibbutzim in Galilee, near Tiberias, and in the hills of Judaea, on the approaches to Jerusalem. The next phalanx of immigrants arrived after the Bolshevik Revolution. The rich Russian émigré Jews who managed to save some of their wealth settled in Berlin, Paris, or London. Those who came to Palestine strove to save only their dream of the Jewish State.

In Russia, under the New Economic Policy, Lenin's government encouraged a handful of idealistic peasants and party intellectuals to form voluntary experimental rural communes which were cherished as "laboratories of the future" and which should not be confused with the collective farms of the Stalin era. The new kibbutzim in Israel were modeled on those early Russian communes. They were built by boys and girls who left their parental homes and enlisted in Zionist-socialist organizations like Hashomer Hatzair, not in order to fight class struggles but in order to drain the marshes of the Emek and of Hulch and to cover the slopes of Carmel and Samaria with the green of vineyards and orchards.

Sociologically, the kibbutz is a unique institution. Its antecedents go back even further than the old Russian Populism. They may be found in Fourier's blueprints of the phalansteries, in Robert Owen's cooperative experiments, and in other brilliantly erratic schemes of the classical age of Utopian socialism. Like the Utopian socialists, the founders of the kibbutz hoped to achieve socialism by personal example rather than by any systematic revolutionary overthrow of established society—and, incidentally, no established society existed in the Palestine desert. The castles in the air built by Utopian socialism usually collapsed as soon as they were erected. The kibbutz is built literally on sand, but it has shown much more solidity. The oldest of the kibbutzim will soon celebrate their half-century jubilee, and there are many that are twenty or thirty years old and have grown in prosperity and achievement.

Life in a Kibbutz

He who has not seen the kibbutz can hardly imagine the boldness and originality of the idea and of

its execution. A kibbutz usually has several hundred members, living in small flats which are sometimes very aesthetically built and furnished. Opposite rows of white bungalows surrounded by flower beds are the common dining rooms, libraries, schools, the medical centers, and other public buildings, with workshops and farm sheds on the fringes of the settlement. The division of labor among kibbutz members is voluntary; it grows more and more elaborate with progress in agricultural technology. In some kibbutzim there are auxiliary factories of considerable size. Working hours are nine for members under fifty, four for older ones. If a member shows artistic or scientific inclinations, the board of the commune may shorten his working hours on the farm or give him a sabbatical year.

Rewards in kind are the same for all. Food, clothing, furniture, medical supplies, cigarettes, books (even paintings or artistic reproductions) are all distributed from a common pool—"to each according to his needs." Every member gets a small amount of pocket money. The standard of living of a kibbutz depends on the size of the common pool, i.e., on wealth accumulated over the years, on productivity of current work, and on the profit made by the marketing organization that sells the surpluses of production to outsiders.

The Communist principle has been boldly extended to the education of children, who are brought up within the kibbutz but live in their own quarters and spend only a couple of leisure hours in the evening with their parents. I have noticed that members of the kibbutz are so used to the communal upbringing of the children that in quite a natural, unaffected manner they speak of all the children in their kibbutz as of their own children.

'No Prison Here'

The kibbutz is in some ways a combination of the scout camp and the Benedictine monastery, brightened by the lack of coercive discipline and by the ease and purposefulness of human relations. The members of the kibbutz have every reason to be proud of their morale, and they are quite conscious of it. They tell you the story that during the war the Soviet diplomatic envoy in Israel and his staff visited many kibbutzim trying to see how they compared with Soviet collective farms. Not unnaturally the comparison worked against the Soviet kolkhozy, which depend

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on a backward, sluggish, and intimidated peasant, whereas the kibbutzim had been built by the self-sacrifice and courage of idealistic intellectuals and workers.

In one kibbutz, having inspected the modern dairy, the school, the farm library (composed of what used to be the libraries of twenty German university professors), the dramatic circle, and so on, the Soviet envoy asked to be shown the kibbutz prison.

"We have no prison here," was the reply.

"Impossible!" the diplomat exclaimed. "How on earth do you deal with criminals or offenders?"

The kibbutz members tried to explain that so far they had not had to deal with any offense grave enough to call for such punishment, and that this was only natural: Members were selected with the utmost care; the discontented were free to leave; and in extreme cases the kibbutz could expel unsuitable members. That particular kibbutz was dominated by the pro-Stalinist Mapam Party, but the Soviet envoy refused to believe what he was told.

"Surely," said he, "a community of several hundred people cannot do without a jail!"

The Russian did not hide his incredulity; and he intimated that he thought it a good joke that for once Jews should show their own Potemkin village—to a Russian.

HOWEVER, only about seventy thousand people, not more than five per cent of Israel's population, live in kibbutzim. They are Israel's Pilgrim Fathers. Their influence is much greater than their numbers. In the towns you meet many people who have belonged to a kibbutz at one time or another and who still respond to its idealistic appeal, and many town dwellers are anxious to send their children to kibbutz schools famous for ultra-modern educational methods.

Under the British Mandate the weight of the kibbutz in Palestine's life was much greater than it is now. The Jewish population was much smaller then. No machinery of Jewish government, no Jewish Army, police, or judiciary existed; and the kibbutz, with its solid organization and high morale and discipline, formed a kind of a Jewish shadow state. Many present civil servants and officers have come from the kibbutz and have as a rule remained members of their rural communes.

Some try to combine service to the state with work for the kibbutz. This is possible only because of the smallness of the state and of the somewhat tribal character of Israeli society. In one kibbutz, for example, I discovered that the tractor driver was formerly Israel's ambassador in Prague and Budapest. In another I was shown a tall, sunburnt barefoot shepherd with almost a family likeness to Michelangelo's David driving sheep from the fields in a golden sunset; the shepherd was one of the commanders of the Israeli Army during the "war of emancipation" in 1948.

The Newest Wave

The kibbutz is still Israel's moral power station, but for some time now it has been in the throes of a crisis. It has been overshadowed by the newly fledged state and swamped by the influx of new immigrants. The pioneers of Zionism share the sad lot of so many other pioneers: They are defeated by their very success.

Since 1948 the population of Israel has more than doubled. The newcomers are not like the idealists of the previous immigrations; they are the wrecks of concentration camps, the flotsam and jetsam of European Jewry, and the masses of Oriental Jews, refugees from Arab hatred and revenge.

To many new immigrants the ideals of the Zionist Pilgrim Fathers are alien and incomprehensible. A little rickety junk shop or a tobacconist's stand somewhere in town seems to them a thousand times more desirable and respectable than all the collectivist wonders of the kibbutz, than even its relatively high standard of living. Tens of thousands of these new immigrants still live on the dole in the slums of the transit camps. Some of them even refuse to move into new blocks of flats built for them by the government. They prefer to go on living on the dole in their old hovels than to pay rent in the new houses. A few re-emigrate to Tunis or Romania. The country's economy can absorb them only slowly and painfully, if at all. In vain does the kibbutz invite them to join its ranks as equal members.

"We are townspeople; we are not going to become country bumpkins!" answer former tailors of Bucharest and peddlers of Vilna.

"We wish to earn our own money, to put aside some savings. We believe in property—not for us your common ownership!" say some.

"We do not want," say others, "to eat in public dining rooms all our lives and to have our children separated from us."

"Employ us as your workers and wage earners," ask still others, "but pay us cash and do not demand of us to become members of your commune!"

This is worse than an insult to kibbutz faith—it also creates (or perhaps only brings to light) a new moral dilemma. The kibbutz finds itself confronted by a demand that it should become a "capitalist employer"; and strangely, it is from would-be workers and employees that the demand comes. For the kibbutz to hire labor would be to abandon and betray its first principle. So, at any rate, feel the mass of members even in those kibbutzim which adhere to the moderate socialism of Mapai. On the other hand, the Government headed by the Mapai leaders is anxious to settle the new immigrants and urges the kibbutz to give up "ideological purism" and hire idle labor from the transit camps.

Voices asking for the same come

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

also from inside the kibbutz. The economy of the farming communes has expanded strongly in recent years, but their membership has tended to remain stationary. Outside labor has to be hired in order to sustain expansion and prevent stagnation. "To hire or not to hire?" is the issue now passionately debated. Some breaches have already been made in the fortresses of common ownership. You run into groups of hired laborers within the boundaries of many a kibbutz. The theoreticians work hard to devise new formulas designed to limit the amount of hired labor; and all kibbutzim from Dan to Beersheba take a solemn oath never to become capitalist businesses no matter how high the flood of capitalism outside their walls.

Thus the story of the phalansteries may, after all, be repeating itself in Israel. All the business experiments of Utopian socialism either collapsed or transformed themselves into efficient capitalist enterprises. This may be the ultimate lot of the kibbutz as well, unless some social upheaval in the Middle East changes its broader environment.

For the time being the kibbutz struggles to hold its ground, and it is helped in this by the fact that it serves an important national interest. It is still the chief bulwark of Israel's defense. It bore the brunt of the war of independence. The structure of its organization makes the kibbutz an ideal military colony and militia. In every kibbutz they lead you to the local cemetery, showing the graves of husbands and brothers killed in action against the Arabs and the stirring monuments to the fallen erected by local (sometimes world-famous) sculptors. If you happen to arrive at a kibbutz after dusk, the sentry who stops you, Sten gun in hand, at the kibbutz gate is likely to be a girl of eighteen. Most of the kibbutzim are close to the frontier, and on them the Israeli government bases, militarily as well as morally, all its plans of defense.

The bastions of Israel's Utopian socialism bristle with Sten guns.

(This is the first of two articles on Israel by Mr. Deutscher. The second will appear in our next issue.)

Cyprus: Nationalism Through a Looking Glass

RAY ALAN

Nowhere outside Egypt are the current climactic exchanges between London and Cairo on the future of the Suez Canal Zone being followed with more intense interest than on the island of Cyprus, over two hundred miles north of the canal in the eastern Mediterranean.

An Anglo-Egyptian agreement would inevitably mean the transfer to the colony of a major part of Britain's Canal Zone garrison. Preparations for such a move are in fact already in hand. Existing camps and barracks at Nicosia, the capital, and at Famagusta and Limassol, the main ports, are being enlarged, and a new military cantonment is taking shape on the south coast between Limassol and Paphos. The R.A.F. is extending the scope of its hitherto purely defensive base near Nicosia, while just outside Famagusta a new fighter base now nearing completion will be shared with the U.S. Air Force.

The ordnance depots and workshops at Famagusta, Nicosia, and Larnaca, Lilliputian compared with the facilities the Canal Zone has to offer, are being enlarged. The work has been going on for some time behind a lightweight security screen erected less for the Russians' sake than for fear of what the imperialist minority among the Churchill government's own Parliamentary supporters might say.

The transfer can be of no great significance. Cyprus is both extremely vulnerable (the coast of Asia Minor, visible on a clear day, is only forty miles away) and hopelessly dependent on imported supplies. Its ports are happiest handling three-masted feluccas, and no sane general would consent to bottle up important forces there. Cyprus would essentially be little more than a parking lot for troops standing by to reoccupy the Canal Zone should the need arise. But the political consequences of the move could be perilously important.

All four performers in the island's political quadrille—the right-wing Church Party, led by the anti-British Archbishop of Cyprus; the left-wing Akel Party, directed by a Moscow-trained Politburo; the Turkish minority; and the British colonial Administration—are keenly aware that any Anglo-Egyptian agreement would inevitably involve the whole question of the colony's future status.

The attainment of independence by the backward, illiterate Libyans and Sudanese is already making it difficult for Britain to ignore Cypriote aspirations for self-determination. The Cypriotes are a literate, largely Christian people, passionately proud of their Greek language and traditions, although the language sounds oafishly provincial to Athenian ears. At any rate, the Cypriotes' claim to have outgrown the need for colonial tutelage is one of unusual complexity. The nearly half a million islanders are unique in the British Commonwealth in their determined opposition to Whitehall's wicked, imperialistic efforts to sell them self-government. The Cypriotes want subjugation, but not by the British.

Island, Island, Who's Got the Island?

Britain took over Cyprus from the Turks in 1878, as the price of support against Russia, and formally annexed it in 1914. It was given the status of a crown colony in 1925. From the outset there has been a sharp Anglo-Cypriote misunderstanding over the functions of the Holy Ghost. The theologians of the Cypriote Autocephalous Church, an independent wing of the Greek Orthodox Church, have never been able to subscribe to the British belief that this Spirit does not enter into a newly consecrated colonial

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

archbishop until Whitehall has approved him. But a problem that in any other country would have remained in the realm of pure theology—to be settled, one way or the other, like all delicate theological issues, by a riot or a spell of martial law—has been complicated in Cyprus by ecclesiastical leadership of a powerful movement for union (*enosis*) with Greece. Whitehall has thus been obliged to abandon theological reasoning and descend distastefully into the political arena.

In the Near East, nationality has only rarely anything to do with "race." Language and religion are the decisive factors. On both counts the Cypriotes, whose Hellenic ties date back more than three thousand years, are indisputably and enthusiastically Greek. And yet, despite their current dispositions, Cypriote ecclesiastics have not always been eager to bury themselves in the skirts of Mother Greece. In the fifth century of the Christian Era, when the Emperor Zeno was supporting the claims of the Patriarch of Antioch to take over the Church of Cyprus, the Cypriote Archbishop Anthemios, in a nasty dilemma, had what even skeptics will agree was an inspiration. He went out one morning and dug beneath a carob tree and discovered, quite by chance, the body of St. Barnabas, who had been stoned to death thereabouts four hundred years earlier. On the saint's chest was a copy of St. Matthew's Gospel in what the appropriate authorities declared to be the latter's own handwriting. Anthemios presented this to a flabbergasted Emperor, who at once admitted the right of the Cypriote Church to dominion status and conferred upon its archbishop the imperial privileges—still exercised—of signing his name in red ink, wearing a purple cloak, and carrying a scepter. To this day certain British officials on the island spend their weekends poking around in carob groves.

In 1570 the Turks, under Selim the Sot, decided to borrow Cyprus for use as a base in their war with the Venetians, but their fleet was sunk and they were stuck with the island for three hundred years. It was during this period that Cyprus acquired the Ottoman millet system of organizing religious minorities as political units under their spiritual heads, a system that has survived in independent Lebanon. Accordingly, successive archbishops emerged as "national" leaders.

Occasionally they emerged too obtrusively. In 1821 the Archbishop and two hundred other ecclesiastical dignitaries were arrested by the Turks, saddled and bridled like horses, ridden around for a while by booted and spurred soldiers, and then executed. One hundred and ten years later, when rioters burned down British government buildings in Nicosia and Limassol, the strongest action the British Administration felt able to take was to shanghai the Metropolitan of Kition and one or two other venerable agitators aboard a battleship. The present Archbishop, a magnetic and extremely intelligent orator, travels around Christian communities of the Near East on a British passport delivering anti-British diatribes.

It was, however, on British initiative that the cause of *enosis* was first elevated to the plane of practical politics. In 1907 a young Liberal Under-Secretary of State for Colonial

Affairs by the name of Winston Churchill, busily sowing wild oats, caused the Tories of the day to choke over their port with this declaration: "It is only natural that the Cypriote people, who are of Greek descent, should regard their incorporation with what may be called their mother-country as an ideal to be earnestly, devoutly and fervently cherished." And in 1915 the British government formally offered the island to Greece on condition that Greece declare war on Germany. But pro-German counsels were predominant in Athens and the offer was rejected.

Stalin in the Dining Room

In the years since Churchill's magnanimous pronouncement was uttered, the expansionist policies of, successively, Italy, Germany, and Russia, and the loss of many other British footholds in the Near East, have increased the colony's value to Britain. Whitehall now tends to lose its hearing aid when advocates of *enosis* appear, even though these now include prominent Athenians of all parties and members of the Greek royal family. In recent years the British have made a stodgily self-conscious effort to woo the Cypriotes with better public services and a better Administration than Athens could offer, with the result that every additional mile of road, every new schoolroom, and every power pylon incites press and prelates alike to denounce British cunning and warn the population to steel itself against the siren song of ruthless imperialism.

Malaria has been eradicated and the average expectation of life is now longer in Cyprus than it is in Britain and America. Non-profitmaking agricultural co-operatives are taking root under government guidance. An inspiring reafforestation program is in full swing, the Administration having induced thousands of villagers to turn in their goats, which browse destructively on young vegetation, in exchange for sheep. The details of a similar scheme to rid the countryside of surplus priests are yet to be worked out, and the Church remains the island's largest landowner and biggest business.

Whether or not the *enosis* issue would die a natural death if it were not for ecclesiastical agitation, as some government officials assert, is difficult to judge. The Church uses its ascendancy over the minds of the superstitious peasantry to make *enosis* an article of faith. These tactics ensure a ninety per response whenever the Church organizes a plebiscite (with no such nonsense as

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

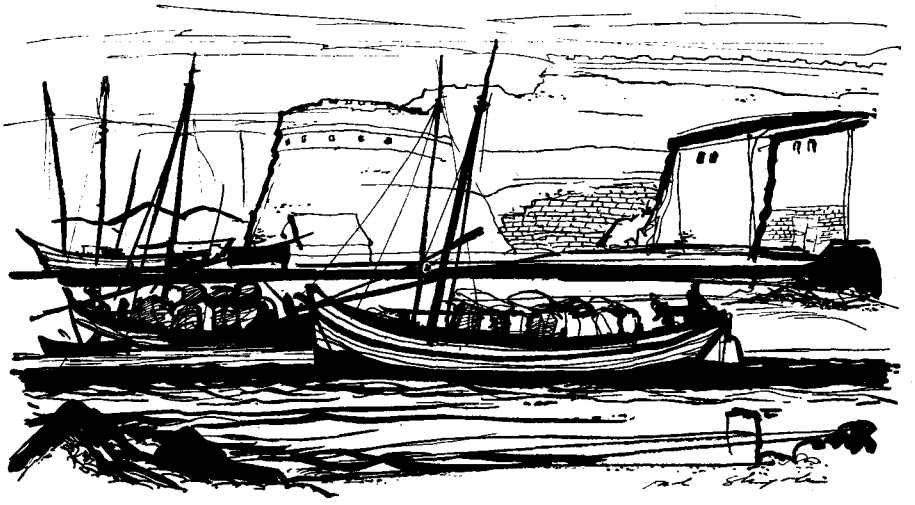
secret balloting, of course), a strike, or some other pro-*enosis* manifestation. Known Communists are allowed into church to record their votes on such occasions even though the Archbishop has resolutely set his face against joint demonstrations with them. (While Stalin was alive more than one baby was barred access to the font because its parents wished it baptized Joseph.)

The Cypriote Communist Party (Akel), one of the most active in the Near East, is the Church's only serious political rival. Cypriote bishops, stumping for votes in the archiepiscopal elections, have not hesitated to accuse Britain of fostering Communism so as to split the *enosis* front. Akel enjoys the sympathies of about half the population in the towns and mining villages (copper, asbestos, and chromium) but is of little significance in purely agricultural communities. The party has at times toyed with the idea of campaigning for self-government, thus provoking ecclesiastical taunts that it secretly favors collaboration with the imperialist enemy. But independence is not a vote-catching issue in Cyprus, and today Akel, too, advocates *enosis*—adding, however, an appropriately Byzantine rider to the effect that once the Cypriotes have realized their aim of union with Greece they must take to the hills and fight the "monarcho-fascist" Athens government to the death.

THE AVERAGE Cypriote is not a man to hide his politics under a bushel. It is almost impossible to get a haircut or a glass of beer on the island without being glowered at or gloated over by a yard-square likeness of Lenin, Stalin, Malenkov, the Archbishop, or a Greek royal personage. An Arab friend of mine who took a furnished flat in Nicosia was obliged by its owner to accept as part of the fittings a painting of Stalin on the dining-room wall. There are distinctively right-wing and distinctively left-wing coffee shops, grocery stores, football teams, lawyers, beggars, brothels, and drinks. And while municipal buildings are expected to fly the Union Jack, an outsize red or blue-and-white flag is generally hung out alongside to remind passers-by which party won the last local election.

Crown Colony Communism

I have on several occasions rented houses in Cyprus through the delightful spring and summer months, and, since few readers of *The Reporter* can have had the experience of complaining about, say, tadpoles in the water supply or the prevalence of stray dogs to a municipal official seated beneath a portrait of Stalin, a brief aside on life under British crown colony Communism may be of interest.



The Marxist approach to the stray-dog problem is appropriately revolutionary. The creatures are rounded up periodically by a trusted party man armed with a ten-gallon butterfly net, loaded onto a truck, and driven into the main square of the nearest town with a right-wing municipal government, where they are released around midnight. A few weeks later, of course, a similar cargo of right-wing jackals and hyenas will erupt into the Communist town. Stray dogs are thus at a premium: An Englishman who tried to put one to sleep with chloroform was almost run out of town.

If one overlooks the dogs and beggars and the fact that at the co-operative liquor stores one-star brandy (*monostarro*) and a hellish brew called *zivaniya* are cheaper than certified drinking water, the Communist municipal governments are pretty run-of-the-mill. The Communists clean the streets and collect rubbish efficiently, though the garbage collectors ring a handbell to warn the householder to come out and help. Motorists are despised as bourgeois counter-revolutionaries, and streets are kept narrow, corners blind, and road repairs unguarded in order to hasten their extermination. Driving about Paphos one day, when the Left had control of the municipality, I was foolish enough on several occasions to obey trilingual traffic signs reading MONODROMOS — TEK YOL — ONE WAY. Each time the circuit ultimately brought me into a sinister little alley that led straight to the edge of a cliff.

Communist municipal enterprise also runs to open-air dancing in the public gardens and street names commemorating dates out of the Soviet calendar. The British Administration, too, is touchy about street names. One of the island's few crises in recent years arose because the Communist mayor of Limassol wanted to call a fairly wide thoroughfare the Umpty-Something-of-October Street, while the Administration insisted that it be named after an unpopular governor. Policemen and municipal employees tore down each other's name plates night after night until the local British District Commissioner got bored, flung the mayor into jail, and took complete charge of the municipality himself.

Through an oversight (which was favorably interpreted locally as a deliberate lesson in British magnanimity), he left the Red flag flying over the town hall; and the Colonial Service officials detailed to oversee municipal affairs in the mayor's absence went solemnly on duty every morning into offices impartially decorated with Union Jack and Hammer and Sickle.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More Wives Than Husbands

The eighty thousand Turks in Cyprus, descendants of Ottoman settlers, want neither *enosis* nor self-government—nor even, except as a poker chip, a closer political tie with the Turkish Republic, which has, however, promised to take action to protect their rights if the Greeks ever get rough. British colonial rule may rate lower than the Turkish régime in the provision of robust Anatolian entertainments, but it spares its subjects the taxation and conscription either Athens or Istanbul would impose. Moreover, recognizing the Turkish minority's vested interest in the status quo, the British Administration naturally tends to lean on the Turks ever so slightly and show its appreciation of their loyalty.

Political arguments between Turk and Cypriote are rare. When knives do begin to flash, Aphrodite is more often to blame than the Archbishop. The Cyprus Turks have adopted Kemal Attatürk's reforms and regard themselves as emancipated Moslems, which means that they enjoy the best of both worlds: They drink like Christians and observe the festive nights but not the fasting days of Ramadan; and they retain what some Christians regard as Moslem laxity in sexual matters, keeping their own womenfolk, however, on short tether—which annoys those of their Cypriote neighbors who favor reciprocity in these matters. Not long ago a Cyprus-Turkish policeman cut off the head of a Christian youth whom he suspected of harboring honorable intentions toward his daughter. "I wouldn't have minded his trifling with her affections," he said in effect, "but the thought of a Christian marrying into my family was more than I could bear." The British authorities, after ruminating on the case for a while, felt obliged to dismiss him from the force.

Polygamy was hastily outlawed only last year after a British official, poring over population returns, happened to discover that there were many more married women than married men in the Turkish community. A few isolated reactionaries protested, but progressive elements consoled themselves with the thought that concubinage is still legal. Concubinage has the double advantage of putting less strain on domestic harmony and not messing up Colonial Office statistics.

The Cyprus Turks would welcome an influx of British troops from the Suez Canal Zone, not only for the trade it would bring but because they favor anything that increases Britain's stake in the island and militates against *enosis*. The Archbishop and his entourage, notably unenthusiastic about the possibility of a build-up of British forces, would give their beards to get American forces involved with Cyprus. Like the Egyptians and Arabs, they believe that Uncle Sam has only to flick his whip for the British Lion to leap through the nearest hoop.

American comments on Egypt, to the effect that a base is useless if surrounded by an unfriendly population, have been carefully noted, and the Archbishop would like an opportunity of explaining to Washington that they are just as pertinent in a Cypriote context. "Allow us to accede to Greece," he would say to the western powers, "and you may have whatever facilities you require on our territory. Deny us self-determination and you will drive more and more of our people into the Communist camp." He is confident the Greek government, with which he is generally believed to be in fairly close touch, will raise the Cyprus problem in the inter-Allied discussions that must follow any agreement on Suez, advocating *enosis* as a stabilizing factor in the

eastern Mediterranean that would facilitate the establishment of a sound regional defense system. The Archbishop dismisses Turkish objections as irrelevant.

THE BRITISH Colonial Office, which has never quite forgiven the Foreign Office for getting it thrown out of Palestine, is following the Canal Zone talks with some apprehension. Any development that enhanced the strategic and international importance of Cyprus would give the Foreign Office a decisive say in future policymaking affecting the island. "When those boys move in," an official who had been in Palestine declared sadly over his brandy sour, "it's time for prudent folk to put on their skates." The colonial civil servants would naturally like to stay on. It's duller tittle-tattling over rotgut in Nicosia than dodging assegais in Nairobi, but it's infinitely safer. Like the Turks, the Colonial Office people are all for increasing Britain's stake in the island, and they have drawn up elaborate plans for port-development works at Limassol and improved power and water supplies. Occasionally they rattle the bones of a draft constitution, containing provisions for a measure of internal autonomy, that was offered by the Labour Government in 1945. A two-men-and-a-dog radio station has been put up to help the wooing along.

But even the most ardent wooing must fall back at some point on logic, and *enosis* enthusiasts are impervious to logic. "We appreciate all your arguments," they say. "We admit that British rule, like stewed prunes, may be good for us. We know our Anthenian brothers will tax us and give their relatives all the best jobs. We fully expect inflation and unemployment—maybe even a spot of civil war. But we still want union with Greece!"

AFTER LAST SUMMER'S earthquake in the Paphos area, the British Army provided tents for the survivors. Right and Left denounced British callousness in trying to seduce the people of Paphos with gifts and thus extract political profit from the disaster. When the Administration put a ceiling to the amount of aid it could give, meetings of Right and Left denounced British callousness in abandoning the earthquake survivors to their fate. The Whitehall Man's Burden is heavy indeed these days.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Salt

A Story of India

CHRISTINE WESTON

It was very hot, and the bougainvillaeas growing along the garden walls on Manohar Road seemed to wilt under the layers of dust that had settled over everything. Mr. Sen watched it collecting on his shoes and thought: "I should have taken a taxi to the Govinds. I am too old for these expeditions on foot, in this heat."

Perspiration was running down his body under his muslin shirt, and he could feel it trickling from under the starched white rim of his Gandhi cap. "Yes," he reflected indignantly, "I am too old to go on such errands. Sharat should be ashamed of himself, putting me to such inconvenience and anxiety on his account."

Two days had passed since his son Sharat left the house to visit friends, and there had been no word from him since. This lack of consideration, this irresponsibility, was something new in Sharat. Like his sudden taste for meat and tobacco, it was, his father decided, directly traceable to the influence of certain new and mysterious friends.

A decrepit taxicab was parked across the street from Mr. Sen's house, and as he came abreast of the car he thought, "Could Sharat have come home by taxi?" He had an impulse to waken the sleeping driver and ask him why he waited on this hot street—to be paid, perhaps? It would be like Sharat not to have an anna with him. Mr. Sen walked on and saw his little granddaughter, the child of his elder son, Nirmal, playing in the dust. She came running to him and took his hand. He longed to ask her whether Sharat had returned, but again he put the temptation from him.

The little girl returned to her play, and Mr. Sen pushed open the gate and walked up the dusty path to his door. The desire to call Sharat's name almost overpowered him. He fancied he heard the boy's voice in the sitting room above, talking with Savita and Nirmal. Mr. Sen shared his house with his daughter-in-law and his two sons.

Out of breath from his long walk, he opened the door of the sitting room and entered. The shutters were drawn against the heat, and the air felt pleasantly cool. Two figures came forward and led him to a chair. "It is so hot," murmured

Nirmal, looking anxiously at the old man. "We worried about you."

Nirmal was almost forty, slender, with graying hair and a diffident manner. Mr. Sen was fond of his elder son, but he did not yearn over him as he did over Sharat, twenty years younger and as unlike Nirmal as it is possible for one brother to be unlike another. Now Nirmal's solicitude jarred on Mr. Sen's nerves. Sinking into a chair, he said wearily: "Sharat was not at the Govinds. They have not set eyes on him for weeks."

"I was afraid that you would not find him at the Govinds," said Savita in a low voice. "He has no use for his old friends these days. He prefers others whom he considers more interesting."

Though ordinarily Mr. Sen was devoted to his daughter-in-law, her remarks for some reason irritated him. "I would like something to drink," he said sharply. "I am dying of thirst."

She went quickly out of the room, and Mr. Sen glanced apologetically at his son. "Savita is right—Sharat seems to have no use for his old friends."

"Nor for us," Nirmal said, and added in a troubled voice: "While you were gone Dr. Das dropped in and gave us some news. There is to be a mass demonstration this evening, at the Maidan. Sharat's friend Ram Behari will speak."

Mr. Sen, who had relaxed in his chair, suddenly sat upright. "Sharat's *friend?* That Red?"

"Dr. Das heard about it over the radio. It seems that the police have banned the meeting, but you know how little difference that would make to Ram Behari."

Savita returned with a glass of lemonade which Mr. Sen accepted with a somewhat uncertain hand. Nirmal continued: "I have a suspicion—Savita shares it—that Sharat has been staying with Behari these past two days."

"Impossible! He knows very well what I think of Behari and that gang."

There was a brief silence. They could hear the granddaughter's voice in the street, and the cry of a betel-nut vendor dying away in the distance. Nirmal burst out suddenly: "Father, I fear for Sharat! Look how he has changed in the last year—eating meat, smoking in your presence, disagreeing with us at every turn. He thinks we are stupid, old-fashioned, reactionary. Oh, I know he keeps these ideas from you, but Savita and I have had to listen to them often enough. I tell you he is changed—changed!"

Mr. Sen finished his lemonade and rose, smoothing the folds of his white dhoti. "What time did you say this demonstration was to be held?"

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"At half-past five." Nirmal stared at his father. "And Dr. Das said that the police had orders to fire on the crowd if it did not disperse at the first command."

Mr. Sen winced. "And you think Sharat might be there?"

"I wouldn't be surprised if he were."

"Very well, then," said Mr. Sen. "I wish you to go at once to Ram Behari's house and find Sharat. Bring him back with you."

"And if he should refuse to come?"

"You are his older brother, and I give you authority over him."

Nirmal arose, and Mr. Sen turned to Savita. "I am going to my study. Please see that I am not disturbed."

He left them and walked into the adjoining room, closing the door behind him.

II

Since Mr. Sen's retirement from public life five years before, he had spent most of his time in his study, reading and working on his memoirs. Photographs covered all four walls of the room, and a portrait of Mahatma Gandhi in a gilt frame hung directly above the desk, flanked by photographs of other Congress leaders, among them one of Mr. Sen taken twenty years earlier at the time of a great civil-disobedience campaign against the British Raj. There were lesser portraits—snapshots of his dead wife and of his sons as children and a small tinted likeness of his father, the late Sir Baneswar Sen, Knight Commander of the Indian Empire, a judge of the Calcutta High Court, and devoted friend of the British to the day of his death.

A Gandhi cap stained with age and a dried garland of flowers hung from a nail beside the desk. Mr. Sen had worn these on the day of his last arrest by the British in 1942. But perhaps the most cherished object of all was a small brass box filled with sand, bearing on its lid the legend "Sand taken from the shores of Port Dandi at the time of the breaking of the British Salt Laws by Mahatma Gandhi, April 5, 1930."

The room and its contents seemed to embody not only the life history of its owner but to mirror, in a sense, the personalities of all his friends, living and dead. Browsing among newspapers of twenty and thirty years ago, reading old letters, many of them written to him by friends and relatives from jails all over the country and some of his own letters written during the various periods of his imprisonment and carefully preserved by his family, Mr. Sen did not so much relive the past as re-create it. For Mr. Sen, recollection had the power to invest experience with a vigor and freshness that he often missed in actuality.

COMING into his study after leaving Nirmal and Savita, he went at once to his desk, where his manuscript lay as he had left it the night before. The chapter on which he had been working was entitled "Salt," and it dealt with the historic march of Gandhiji and his followers from Ahmedabad to Dandi by the sea, and with the Mahatma's and his own subsequent arrest, and the arrest of hundreds of others, for making contraband salt in defiance of the law.

As he stood now looking down on the neatly written page—he wrote in Bengali, in an exquisite hand and in a particular shade of light-blue ink that he had always favored—Mr. Sen recalled that march of twenty-four days to the sea. He smelled again the sunlit dust of country roads and the sweaty bodies of the villagers who poured out of their homes to join the march. He heard the reedy voices of young girls singing "Vande Mataram," and the sound of Gandhiji's stick tapping tirelessly along the stones. Coming at last to the sea, gray as metal under an April sky, Mr. Sen had stooped and taken up a handful of the salt sand and tasted it, then tied it in a corner of his dhoti to carry back to his wife. She was at that moment giving birth to Sharat, although it was not until six months later, after his release from prison, that he was to set eyes on his younger son.

Thinking of Sharat, Mr. Sen lowered himself into his chair and sank his chin on his hands. Something seemed to be dragging at his eyes, and he raised them to the portrait of his father, tinted with pastel in the fashion of forty years ago. A handsome man, Sir Baneswar, wearing a turban, his mustache trimmed in the English fashion, and on his breast the Order of a Knight Commander of the Indian Empire. Mr. Sen took the photograph in his hands and gazed at it somberly. Sir Baneswar's voice reached him as distinctly as if he had been in the room: "Either you will put this madness out of your head, or you are no longer my son."

Well, Mr. Sen had not been able to put the madness out of his head, and Sir Baneswar had died unreconciled. Propping the photograph against the inkstand, Mr. Sen continued to study it with frowning attention. "We were never alike," he reflected. "Neither in spirit nor in flesh did we resemble each other. It is Sharat who resembles him. Sharat has my father's eyes and his mouth—minus, of course, the ridiculous mustache." The unmistakably English cut of that mustache had always offended Mr. Sen, who still felt that it was carrying emulation a trifle too far, even for a K.C.I.E.

Returning to his manuscript he tried to work. The house was quiet, though he could hear Savita talking to the child in another room. Nirmal must have gone, and now Mr. Sen began to calculate how long it would take him to reach Behari's house and return. An hour's drive there and an hour's drive back. He glanced at his watch—it was already after five o'clock. A chill crawled down his spine. The demonstration at the Maidan was due to begin at five-thirty. How could he have been

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so foolish as to imagine that Nirmal could get to Behari's house and back before that time? They must already be gathering at the Maidan—Sharat, perhaps, among them.

Mr. Sen pushed back his chair and rose, then stood hesitating. Must he debase himself twice in one day by going in pursuit of a wayward child like any hired servant

with nothing better to do? Oh, how he would punish Sharat for this outrage! But first he must find him, and suppose . . . suppose . . .

OUTSIDE, the street was empty, the air hot and still, the only sound the voice of a koel calling plaintively from some dusty tree. Mr. Sen walked rapidly to the main highway that connected the suburb of Alipore with the city, and there he found a row of taxis drawn up in the shade, their Sikh drivers gossiping by the roadside or lolling behind their wheels. Mr. Sen signaled a cab and got into it.

"Drive me to the Maidan," he directed the man. "Go quickly, for it is urgent."

"Whereabouts on the Maidan?"

"Drive, drive! I will tell you."

"There is going to be trouble at the Maidan," the driver volunteered presently, as they raced along. "The Communists are staging a rally and the police are going to break it up."

They hurtled past a rival taxicab and Mr. Sen inquired, "What do you know about this demonstration?"

"Oh, the usual thing—a lot of *goondas* screaming their heads off against the government. We may see something of it if we're lucky, though I'd rather not get in the line of fire myself."

Mr. Sen was grimly silent. The Sikh went on: "It's a bit like the old days, isn't it?"

"What old days?"

"When the Old Man was alive—you know."

Ordinarily, Mr. Sen would not have hesitated to point out the difference between the old days and the new, between manifest truth and totalitarian lie, but at the moment he felt too tired and too preoccupied with his own anxiety. Besides, they were approaching the Maidan, with the low white mass of the Victoria Memorial to their left. Before them in the distance rose the yellowish column of the Ochterlony Monument, and at that moment Mr. Sen saw the crowd. His experienced eye told him at once that there could not have been more than a couple of hundred people, most of them boys and young men, on foot or pushing their bicycles. A hum of voices rose into the air, chanting—what was it they were chanting? No "Vande Mataram" this time, but one of their own slogans, a vocal rendition of the principle of dialectical materialism, no doubt, thought Mr. Sen sarcastically.

"Stop here," he ordered the driver as they came within a hundred yards of the group. He caught a glimpse of a raised platform and of two or three figures on it, elevated a little higher than the others.

The Sikh stopped the car. "I don't think it is wise to linger so near to them, sir," he said, twisting around to look at Mr. Sen. "The police may show up at any minute."

But Mr. Sen was out of the car and searching for his purse. "Remain here if you will," he said, paying the man and adding a tip. "I shan't be gone for more than a few minutes and I would like to have you drive me back."

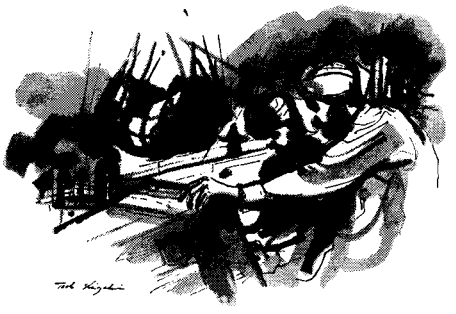
Without waiting for an answer he shook out the voluminous folds of his dhoti and strode majestically across the grass toward the crowd. No one paid any attention to him, and as he marched into their midst he had an odd sensation, as of a sharp, unexpected collision within himself. In recent years he had avoided crowds, and now as he felt his body come into contact with these young men, as he smelled their warm flesh and listened to their voices, as his eyes encountered theirs, a furious anger welled up in him. How dared they? *How dared they?*

Craning over their shoulders for a glimpse of the platform in the center, Mr. Sen saw Ram Behari standing there, a thin young man dressed in European style, his white shirt open at the neck, his sleeves rolled up showing his brown arms. Two others stood with him, similarly dressed, and one of these was Sharat. At the moment Mr. Sen recognized his son, Ram Behari raised a clenched fist, and at the signal a forest of arms flew upward and an identical shout burst from every throat.

Mr. Sen scarcely heard the sound, and as it died into silence he raised his own voice: "Sharat! Come down here at once. At once, do you hear?"

IF SHARAT heard, he made no move to obey. Mr. Sen felt a touch on his arm and turned to glare into the face of a young man standing beside him. "Sir," the boy said, politely enough, "we must be silent. Our leader is about to speak."

Our leader! Mr. Sen flushed with rage, but before he could make a suitable retort Ram Behari had begun to speak. He had a penetrating voice and Mr. Sen, hemmed in by the crowd, was forced to listen. He felt absolutely stiff with scorn. Revolution, indeed! Progress, liberty, and brotherhood! Oh, how he longed to get up on that platform and tell them the truth about their precious social philosophy. Sentences formed in his mind,



according to the practiced eloquence that had won him recurring fame in the courtroom—and one jail sentence after another in between.

Ram Behari paused for breath,

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Mr. Sen seized the opportunity to shout in an impassioned voice: "Fools that you are! Do you realize what you are doing? No sooner have we rescued the country from one set of foreigners than you would hand it over to another!"

He was interrupted by a vindictive howl: "Down with the government! *Congress murdabad!*"

"Guttersnipes!" bellowed Mr. Sen. He was beside himself. Was it for these upstarts that a whole generation of the best and noblest had suffered and sacrificed itself? Ah, if he could only lay hands on Sharat!

The crowd was beginning to stir uneasily. Menacing looks were directed toward him, and then, high above the voices and the shuffle of feet, he heard the piercing note of a police whistle and the rumble of wheels.

As the armored cars converged from three directions, the crowd swung slowly inward from its periphery, and Mr. Sen heard a voice raised above the growing confusion —a young voice, the voice of Sharat: "Why should we run before these barbarians? Stand firm!"

There was the sound of a shot, then another and another. The crowd began to break up and thin out. Mr. Sen was no longer pinned between other bodies, but felt himself borne along on a tide of rushing feet. Suddenly it was all hideously familiar, suddenly, hideously strange. Two policemen closed in on him. He tried to ward off their blows, but they beat him unmercifully and drove him back toward the road. He was to wonder, afterward, what might have happened to him if his friend the taxi driver had not come to his rescue. "Do not harm the gentleman! Have you no eyes? He is a most respected pundit from Alipore. I myself will answer for his innocence."

The policemen drew off and went in pursuit of more exciting game, while the Sikh, taking Mr. Sen by the arm, assisted him to the taxi and placed him in it. He ached from the blows he had received, and from another, deeper distress.

The driver left him at his door and Mr. Sen made his way into the house and up the stairs. Nirmal and Savita ran to meet him. "Father! What has happened to you?"

Mr. Sen staggered to a chair, and Nirmal knelt and removed his shoes.

Nirmal said: "I went to Ram Behari's house, but he and Sharat had left some time before. That is all I could learn."

"I learned the rest," said Mr. Sen. Briefly he told them of what had occurred at the Maidan. "The last I heard was Sharat's voice speaking to the crowd, then shots."

They were silent, an identical question in their minds: How long before they would know what had happened to Sharat? He might now be on his way to jail or lying dead in the Maidan.

Nirmal said harshly: "I never thought that . . . after you . . . we should have to live through this again!"

"Nor did I," said Mr. Sen.

III

As the evening wore on, Mr. Sen retired to his study and tried once more to distract his thoughts by going over the last chapter of his memoirs, but the air felt warm and

listless, and the past seemed to recede before him, to lose its meaning and its message.

As his glance passed from face to face in the portraits around him, he reflected on how little the personal factor had had to do with them, or with him for that matter, in their preoccupation with the greater task. The issues then had been majestic, and men had found it easy enough to forget or to ignore what was merely intimate, to submerge the particular in the general consideration.

Perhaps he himself had forgotten or ignored too much, taken too many of those nearest him for granted. Certainly as far as his sons were concerned, he had relied on example to mold them—his own example and one nobler than his, and it had never occurred to him to question whether example was enough. Had it not sufficed for Nirmal? But as for Sharat. . . . The memory of his son's face rose before him, and Mr. Sen's eyes filled with tears. Could it be possible that the boy had so lost his bearings as to imagine a better example in this life, a more heroic struggle, a victory more lasting and complete? "And if that should be the case," thought Mr. Sen, "then who is to blame for it—the evil forces that have seduced his youthful mind or I, his father, who have been so long neglectful of it?"

Meeting the steadfast gaze in the portrait above his desk, Mr. Sen whispered suddenly: "Old friend, for God's sake tell me what to do!"

It must have been about ten o'clock when Mr. Sen's anguish began to give way to a vague and indefinable hope. The change was gradual, seemingly no more than the anguish itself worn thin at the point of its greatest intensity. But as the hour wore on, this feeling, this hope crystallized into the firm conviction that Sharat lived, that he was actually at this very moment on his way through the dark streets of Calcutta—a childish figure, bruised, contrite, and sick for home.

Rising, Mr. Sen went back to the sitting room, where Nirmal and Savita waited in disconsolate silence. Mr. Sen's step was buoyant; his eyes had an almost mystical expression. "I think," he said in a clear and confident voice, "I think that we may expect Sharat at any moment. Savita, will you prepare tea for him? And bring the liniment, for he may be hurt."

Revived by this change of mood, Savita went quickly to the kitchen and Nirmal in search of the medicine, while Mr. Sen stood gazing round the room, wishing that there had been time to send out for some

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW YOU CAN INTRODUCE YOUR FRIENDS TO THE REPORTER — FREE!

When you read a book you particularly enjoy, or see an especially fine movie or play, or discover an excellent new restaurant, don't you look forward to telling your friends about it—and doesn't it fill you with satisfaction when their enthusiasm turns out to be as great as your own?

Why not do this with THE REPORTER too? You'll not only win your friends' gratitude—you'll also enjoy the added pleasure that comes from discussing THE REPORTER's thought-provoking articles with them.

If you would like your friends to receive a free copy of this Fifth Anniversary issue, just write their names and addresses below, mail the list to us, and we will send each of them a free copy with your compliments. (May we mention your name? If so, please fill in the appropriate blank below.) Attach an extra sheet if you have more names.

NAME
STREET
CITY ZONE STATE

NAME
STREET
CITY ZONE STATE

NAME
STREET
CITY ZONE STATE

NAME
STREET
CITY ZONE STATE

YOUR NAME

427

The Reporter
220 East 42nd Street
New York 17, N. Y.

flowers, for he would have liked Sharat to step from the horrors of the past few hours straight into a climate of forgiveness and love.

When Savita returned carrying a tray set with cups and saucers, and Nirmal came back bearing the liniment, Mr. Sen said with a touch of shyness: "One should learn from experience. Long ago, had I taken Gandhiji's advice and laid my head at my father's feet, or had my father shown a little tolerance toward me, we might have remained friends in spite of everything. But as it was. . . ."

He shrugged, and the others looked away, touched and troubled by this unfamiliar note.

HALF AN HOUR later Mr. Sen heard a quick, light step on the path outside, then the sound of feet ascending the stairs. At a nod from him, Savita and Nirmal left the room, and as Sharat entered from the hallway the lamplight shone on him, illuminating his young figure from head to foot. He was immaculately dressed, his hair shone with brilliantine, and there did not seem to be a bruise on him.

"I am sorry to be late," he said with a shade of defiance, and reaching into his shirt pocket he took out a cigarette and lit it.

Mr. Sen said slowly: "You have been gone two whole days. We have been greatly worried."

"There was no need."

"Not after what happened this evening at the Maidan?"

Sharat gave a slight laugh. "Oh, so you have heard about that? Quite a show."

"Yes," said Mr. Sen, "quite a show. I was afraid you might have been shot."

"They didn't have the guts to shoot at us." His eyes began to glow. "You should have been there, Father! Behari addressed the crowd. He was marvelous."

"Yes," said Mr. Sen. "I think marvelous is just the word to describe him."

Sharat's face was shining. "The papers will have to print Behari's speech. They can't afford to ignore it."

"Speech?" echoed Mr. Sen. *"Speech?"*

"It was worth hearing, I can tell you. A few more like that and there goes the government!" He snapped the thumb and index finger of his right hand. "Yes, a few more like that and I wouldn't bet two annas on this rotten outfit and its leaders."

"You wouldn't?"

Mr. Sen rose slowly from the chair in which he had been sitting. He was having some difficulty with his throat, but Sharat was too carried away to notice. He went on as though describing a football game:

"There must have been at least five hundred people at the Maidan this afternoon. You should have heard the applause when Behari ended his speech! I tell you, it was marvelous. I have never felt so proud in my life."

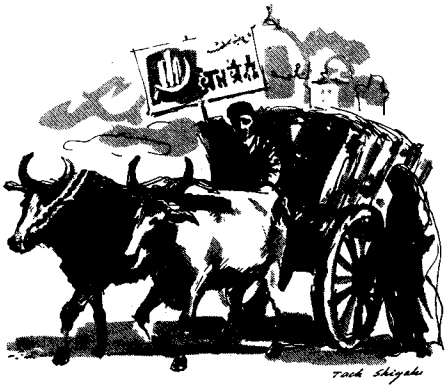
"No?" said Mr. Sen thickly. "No?"

"Nothing could stop Behari. He went on speaking until the police were right on top of us. Don't ask me how we got away. It was a miracle."

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Sen. His eyes turned, as if hypnotized, to the bottle of liniment which Nirmal had set on the table beside the teacups. "Undoubtedly a miracle."

"This is the beginning of the end," Sharat proclaimed in a soaring voice. "The end of the old fogies, the hypocrites. . . ."

MR. SEN raised his arm and struck his son a violent blow in the face. Sharat staggered, then recovered himself. For a moment they stared at each other, then Sharat turned and walked out of the room. Mr. Sen heard him descending the staircase, heard his footsteps dying away in the darkness of the street. Silence settled over everything, for it was very late.



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Luncheon With Dylan Thomas

MARY ELLIN BARRETT

TWO YEARS AGO, during one of his periodic visits to New York, I was sent by a New York news magazine to interview the Welsh poet Dylan Thomas. When I heard of Thomas's death a few months ago, I looked up the report I had made of our two hours together.

I had prepared myself for the meeting by reading most of Thomas's verse, scraps of a strange prose work entitled *Portrait of the Artist As a Young Dog*, and two or three essays about Thomas in little magazines. I had listened to a recording on which he read two of his poems and looked up a photograph of his portrait by Augustus John.

It was the portrait that really fascinated me. With his cap of Donatello curls, his saucer eyes and sensuous mouth, Thomas was Hyperion to a satyr and back again. No wonder Miss Edith Sitwell had taken him under her wing. Here was a poet who looked liked a poet, not like a dentist or a filling-station attendant. His voice, too, confirmed the portrait's evidence. The poems, which sometimes seemed obscure on the printed page, made disquieting sense as read aloud by Thomas in melodious yet virile tones. It might well be that, as some of his admirers claimed, he was the one authentic lyric poet today. At any rate, he looked and sounded the part.

THE PLACE set for our meeting seemed ideal. The Chelsea Hotel on West Twenty-Third Street, with its lacy iron balconies, its tarnished mirrors and carved-mahogany woodwork, its air of genteel Edwardian dilapidation, was one of the few places in New York that might comfortably harbor such an anachronism as a lyric poet.

I was to be there at twelve-thirty. I set out from the office with a formidable list of questions (my editors wanted me to find out how and why a modern poet ticked) and seven lines of a Thomas poem, *In Country Sleep*, which I had copied in the

front of my notebook because I wanted to know what they meant:

Yet out of the beaked, web dark and
the pouncing boughs
Be you sure the Thief will seek a
way sly and sure
And sly as snow and meek as dew
blown to the thorn,
This night and each vast night until
the stern bell talks
In the tower and tolls to sleep over
the stalls
Of the hearthstone tales my own,
lost love; and the soul walks
The waters shorn.

I called Thomas on the house phone. "Oh, God," a voice croaked from the receiver, "I'll be right down. You are just in time for the laying out."

I sat in the fusty, deserted lobby and waited. Twenty minutes later the elevator doors finally opened on the poet. Over fifteen years had passed since the John portrait. The man who came toward me was unmistakably the same person. But the Byronic curls had thinned, the round, visionary eyes had contracted and glazed over, and the mouth was pendulous. The outlines of the face had disintegrated and the pink flesh looked faintly decayed. The open collar had been knotted closed with a soiled tie of mean silk. The dumpy figure was clothed in rumpled tweed.

We shook hands. "I am feeling," Thomas informed me hoarsely, "like death. A bad night. A very bad night. I've vomited three times already this morning. Let's get a drink."

He steered me through the moldering furniture and out onto Twenty-Third Street. It was a gray March day with a cold blustering wind blowing grit and paper along the gutters. After turning first toward a dry cleaner's and then into the doorway of a hardware store—"oh dear no, that's not it"—he found the entrance to a dingy bar. We took a booth in front and he collapsed behind a beer.

After listening to a few graphic remarks on the state of his stomach, I broached the subject of Thomas's most recent book. He rubbed swollen, red eyelids and moaned, "I'm dying. *Don't* ask me any questions about my past, present, or future. It's useless; I'm dying. At three o'clock this afternoon I shall be dead." (At three that afternoon he was scheduled to give a reading of his poems at New York University.)

"Well, if we could talk a bit about how you wrote . . ."

"Please leave me to my beer for just five minutes." Thomas sipped it slowly, staring with vacant eyes at a corner of the scarred table top and saying nothing.

A Maraschino Cherry

"*There* you are. Why didn't you leave a message at the desk? We've been to three bars already looking for you." A woman in a red-and-white dirndl stood at the end of the booth with a tall, thin man beside her. It was the poet's wife and the American writer who was in charge

---

COLLECTED POEMS OF DYLAN THOMAS. *New Directions. $3.75.*

THE POETRY OF DYLAN THOMAS, by Elder Olson. *University of Chicago. $3.25.*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Thomas's current lecture tour. They looked at me suspiciously and slid in next to us. Mrs. Thomas, a pale-faced Irishwoman with blonde hair and a harassed expression, ordered a Tom Collins. Her husband followed suit.

"I should never have gone to that party last night," Thomas grumbled. "Why did you persuade me to go? There's just one thing to do at those poisonous gatherings." The drinks arrived. Thomas spent several minutes comparing the maraschino cherry to a nipple. Finally he ate it.

I looked at my list of questions and prepared to try again. "Before you start on that, why don't we get some lunch?" the American poet-manager said amiably. He suggested a steak house in the neighborhood.

"Oh, no," Thomas protested. "I feel too squalid to eat *there*. I know a little Spanish restaurant around the corner where we can have a squalid, greasy little omelette." He was overruled by his wife and the other writer.

We walked to the steak house. On the way Thomas, focusing on a pigeon-toed old lady loping down the street, fell in behind her and imitated her curious slow-motioned gait until we reached the restaurant.

Once there, he downed another Tom Collins and began to cheer up. Over a plate of oysters he allowed me to ask a few questions.

"I have finished only six poems in six years," he said soberly. "As I get older, I become more and more critical of my work. One must be serious about poetry. Poems are the best things in the world. They must be treated gently and respectfully. One must never become smug and self-satisfied. In my case, it seems as if my faculties for self-criticism have grown more than my talent." There was just an inflection of irony in his voice, as though it were impossible for him to take himself really that seriously.

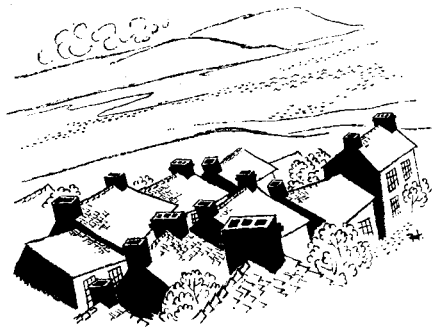
How long did he work on a poem nowadays?

He pretended to bridle. "Do you think I'm like Wordsworth, that I can just toss off a poem about a bridge or abbey? I write one line, slowly, painfully. Then another that fits with it—even more painfully. Then a third, and a fourth, and fifth. By the end of thirty or so lines, I begin to have a poem."

I rephrased my question timidly. My editors were after facts.

He looked at me with active distaste. "Four or five months, I suppose. I can do a poem in four or five months, if I'm fortunate."

"I don't know what he does with



his time," Mrs. Thomas commented unhappily.

I asked him about his style. Had it changed?

"Oh dear me yes." His expression was suddenly mischievous. "I used to write violent, dreadful things. Now, every time I see one of those unpleasant metaphors popping up, I slap it on the wrist, keep it in its place. I'm getting old. Now I write gently, quietly . . ."

"Oh do be serious," Mrs. Thomas snapped.

Nine-Foot Goblin

Our food arrived. Thomas had ordered nothing to follow his oysters. His wife protested.

"I'd vomit if I ate anything but oysters," Thomas said in a loud voice. Several people looked in our direction. "See those people at the other tables? They all hate us. I can feel the waves of hostility. We should have gone to that squalid little Spanish place. The louts here think we are making too much noise."

"We are, dear," Mrs. Thomas said firmly. "I'd order something more to eat if I were you."

"I'd vomit." He turned to me as though I were the only alternative to gagging. "Next question."

"This self-criticism, do you think it would ever drive you to give up poetry in favor of prose?"

Thomas gave a lopsided smile. "You don't give up poetry. It may give you up, but you don't abandon it. It's always chasing you, relentlessly—a nine-foot goblin with two noses. But when you try to turn around and catch it, *pfffft!* It's gone. I've never seen what a poem really looks like. But I keep trying."

"Do you think—"

"Besides," Thomas went on, "the worst prose is written by poets who've tried hunting poetry and given it up. The best prose is written about what happened, and why, to Tom, Dick, and Harry, not about witches and dreams and goblins. Though possibly one might compromise—have a Tom Witch, Dick Dream, and Harry Goblin."

"Dear, I think you might try to eat something solid," Mrs. Thomas repeated hopelessly.

Thomas ordered another plate of oysters and another Tom Collins while we had dessert and coffee. His spirits improved still more but he refused to rise to my nervously proffered bait: "What is the function of poetry? What are you trying to say?"

"Read the poems and figure it out for yourself."

We discussed his living arrangements. He had written most of his recent poetry in an isolated cottage overlooking the estuary and sea at Laugharne, Carmarthenshire, Wales. It was a beautiful spot. Not very long ago, he explained wryly, he and his wife and family (two boys and a girl) had had to move to "dreadful grizzled London" where he wrote and read in his "dusky baritone" for the BBC. He'd also done a scenario for a murder film.

Thomas's eyes crinkled. "Actually I do a fair amount of prose," he confessed. "I'm working on a movie script of the Odyssey right now. Very serious, not a De Mille spectacle—by the way have you seen "The Greatest Show on Earth"? It has the most wonderful train wreck. Mine will be based on a literal translation of Homer. As a matter of fact we'd better hurry before Cecil gets the idea himself.

"I'm also working on a novel called *Adventures in the Skin Trade*. It's about someone that destroys everything that has gone before in his life, starts afresh. It is the story of one day in the life of a boy—a horrid little prig. He is going off to London with his little coat and his little hat and his little umbrella

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and his little suitcase filled with changes of underclothes. Before he goes he decides to destroy everything his parents care for. He creeps downstairs, opens a cabinet, and carefully smashes his mother's china with a little hammer." Thomas spoke with growing relish. "Next he takes his father's papers—his father is a professor—the ones his father is correcting and covers them with obscene words."

The waiter interrupted with a second round of coffee.

"It is just a joke," he said suddenly gloomy. "There is no novel. I was just making it up."

"Don't listen to him. He's being facetious." Mrs. Thomas said angrily. "There *is* a novel."

"Is there really a novel?" I asked the American poet, who was absorbed in a Pennsylvania Railroad timetable. He shrugged and went back to copying out train schedules to Baltimore and Washington. He was sending Thomas off that night for more poetry readings in the South. "The last time he was meant to go to Baltimore he got on the train for Buffalo. I've got to get these schedules straight for him and personally supervise his departure." He looked indulgently at Thomas.

"The movie script was a fabrication," Thomas said stubbornly. "I'm not doing the Odyssey."

"That's true," Mrs. Thomas said, somewhat mollified. "There isn't any Odyssey. But there *is* a novel."

"If you want to get your facts straight, call me later," said the American. "Dylan is an incorrigible fibber. You can't believe a thing he says." He smiled at his friend.

Welsh Zionist

I raced through my list of questions. The check was on the way and half of them were still unasked. Someone in the office wanted to know about religious affiliations.

He grinned. "You can call me a Welsh Zionist. I'm a Welshman who likes Jews."

"You see," Mrs. Thomas interrupted. "It's no use. He makes a joke of everything."

Thomas ignored her. His face straightened. "Seriously, I don't belong to any church. But I'm no atheist. I just believe in God."

His friend stood up and tapped

Vodka and gossip chains—
barometers of discontent in a Russian "paradise" balanced between

TERROR AND PROGRESS—USSR

SOME SOURCES OF CHANGE AND STABILITY IN THE SOVIET DICTATORSHIP

By Barrington Moore, Jr.

How can you follow the shifting sands of future Soviet policy? Why is the government afraid of "too little terror"? What is the effect of "too much terror" on industry, farming and intellectuals? Here you read first-hand accounts of drinking and the growth of defensive cliques, as men fight fear. Here are new facts on the actual operation of Soviet controls over Science and the Arts. The author does not make predictions; he shows you the alternatives that face the Soviet government and where these lead. Based on personal interviews with Soviet refugees, and a pioneer survey of technical journals, this is a remarkably illuminating and lasting work. $4.50

CHINA'S RESPONSE TO THE WEST

A DOCUMENTARY SURVEY, 1839-1923

Ssu-yü Teng and John K. Fairbank. In this book China's leaders—from the Opium War to the rise of the Kuomintang—tell in their own words how China has reacted to the invasion of Western arms, goods, persons, and ideas. With skillful translations and an illuminating analysis of 65 key Chinese writings, the authors give what amounts to the first inside account on so broad a scale of the upheaval which has engulfed one-fifth of mankind—and which has now resulted in an apparent rejection of the West. $6.75

TRADE AND DIPLOMACY ON THE CHINA COAST

THE OPENING OF THE TREATY PORTS, 1842-1854

John King Fairbank. Opium smuggling, the tea and silk trades, clipper ships and British consuls: piracy, missionaries and mandarins—all these are part of this carefully documented history of the opening of China to the West. Volume I, Text, $7.50
Volume II, Reference notes, bibliography, $7.50

A DOCUMENTARY HISTORY OF CHINESE COMMUNISM

Conrad Brandt, Benjamin Schwartz and John K. Fairbank. "No present work in English presents a broader survey of basic information on the development of Chinese Communist strategy than this."—*American Historical Review.* "Indispensable to any student of international communism."—*N. Y. Times.* $7.50

At all bookstores

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his watch. Thomas took a final gulp of his drink. "Well," he said with a sigh, "I suppose there is no escape. I must be off to treat those students to some of my glorious contralto . . . I don't mind the reading. It's the question period afterwards I despise. They'll ask me all sorts of idiotic questions." He looked straight at me with his bloodshot eyes. "What I think of modern poetry; what I think of my fellow poets; what I think about myself in relation to modern poetry and my fellow poets. I think I'll tell them I have the distinction of being one of the few heterosexual poets left."

Mrs. Thomas and the American writer were already standing.

"Oh Mr. Thomas," I said, looking frantically through the remaining questions trying to choose which one should be my last. My eyes fell on the lines of his verse. "Mr. Thomas, could you tell me what 'the Thief' in your poem means? What does it symbolize?"

FOR A MOMENT his eyes seemed to clear and his face took on a little of the look of the youthful visionary the John portrait had caught.

"The thief," he said quietly. "Who is the thief?" It was the voice of the records. "Well, today for me the thief is this." He pointed to his empty glass. "Alcohol is the thief today. But tomorrow he could be fame or success or exaggerated introspection or self-analysis. The thief is anything that robs you of your faith, of your reason for being."

"We really must go," said the American poet. "We're already late."

"You should have eaten something solid." Mrs. Thomas said under her breath.

We all shook hands with the nervous smiles of uncertain communication cut short by what would most likely be a permanent farewell. I watched them go and settled back to run through my notes. At the top of the page were the lines I had copied out three hours earlier.

Yet out of the beaked, web dark and the pouncing boughs
Be you sure the Thief will seek a way sly and sure . . .

Igor Stravinsky And the Muse of Opera

JAMES HINTON, Jr.

WITHIN HIS LIFETIME Igor Stravinsky has attained the status of an institution. Both by name and face he is very likely the most famous of living composers; his has been perhaps the most powerful shaping force on the creative musical thought of the past forty years. Yet he refuses to act according to expectation, as any respectable institution should. He continues, at seventy-one, to produce music that is surprising, controversial, and difficult.

The Rake's Progress, his first full-length opera and by far his most elaborate composition in any form, is no exception. It is a problem work. It is also a very important one. Superficially simple, *The Rake's Progress* is actually extremely complex and resistant to easy categorization, both in its technique and in its underlying aesthetic attitudes. In spite of this complexity, it has been subjected to glib, barely qualified depreciation on the basis of criteria that have little or nothing to do with the composer's intentions.

This kind of blandly impertinent critical dismissal of the unfamiliar in art is always disquieting. Applied to a work like *The Rake's Progress* it gives rise to an almost unbearable sense of frustration. The product of three years of labor and a lifetime of experience by a master craftsman seems very likely to be driven from the active operatic repertoire in this country without having been given a real chance to find its public by reviews that are not only vituperative but that seem almost to go out of their way to avoid understanding it. Whether or not the work will ultimately come to be regarded as an unflawed masterpiece is beside the point. It is a contemporary creation of expert workmanship and high seriousness; as such it deserves attention, respect, and valuation on its own terms.

It is misleading, and in the end harmful, to pretend that *The Rake's Progress* is easy. It does not yield itself all at once, without effort. It does not make the sort of overt emotional appeal generally associated with opera. The music is a construct of line and detail rather than broad planes and heavy masses. It is not meant to be experienced subjectively, passively. It needs careful, alert listening. By the same token it is music whose fascination increases with familiarity, and the available recording (Columbia SL-125; three twelve-inch LP disks), with the Metropolitan Opera cast, chorus, and orchestra conducted by the composer, makes it available as it should be heard, every note precise and clear.

Hogarth to Auden

Plans for *The Rake's Progress* first became known in 1947, when Stravinsky spoke to his publisher about the possibility of his composing an opera in English. That fall, W. H. Auden, suggested as a possible librettist by Aldous Huxley, visited Stravinsky in Hollywood. The two men found themselves in basic agreement. The work would be an opera in the classic eighteenth-century mold; its literary basis would rest on the series of engravings by William Hogarth known as "The Rake's Progress" and "The Harlot's Progress." A synopsis was

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drawn up, and upon returning to New York, Auden chose Chester Kallman as his collaborator. Early in the spring of 1948 the finished libretto was delivered to Stravinsky. Working at his customary methodical pace, he completed an act a year. *The Rake's Progress* had its premiere in September, 1951, at the Teatro Fenice in Venice.

Despite the title of the finished work, the Hogarth engravings served the librettists more as an initial stimulus than as a plot outline. Hogarth's Rake, after indulging various carnal appetites, ends in Bedlam; so does the title character of the opera, but other elements are introduced to give the tableaux a story line.

Tom Rakewell is a young man of ambition but weak moral fiber and a native distaste for work. Fortune, he believes, is the arbiter of man's destiny. Enter Nick Shadow, a gentleman's gentleman on detached duty from Hell, with a vague story of money left by a forgotten (or nonexistent) uncle of Tom's. Leaving his sweetheart, Anne Trulove, with a promise to send for her when his fortune is secured, Tom sets out for London, engaging Shadow as his servant—wages payable on demand at the end of a year and a day.

Then follow scenes that show the downward path taken by young men who follow demons to London. First, drunk in a brothel, Tom sings a song about true love but allows himself to be led upstairs by the lady of the house. Second, bored by more usual dissipations, he is persuaded to marry Baba the Turk, by birth and profession a bearded lady. Anne appears; Tom sends her away. Third, bored by Baba, who chatters through her beard in gruesomely feminine fashion, Tom shoves a wig over her face and forgets her, then allows Shadow to talk him into a speculative investment in a machine to make bread from stones.

Ruined by the machine's failure to produce as advertised, his possessions auctioned to pay his debts, Tom comes at last to the end of his contract with Shadow, who demands his wages:

"'Tis not your money but your soul

WILLIAM SLOANE ASSOCIATES

A BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION.

EDWARD R. MURROW called this book "without question, one of the best books written about Europe and our status in Europe in the past fifteen years."

In this year of hope – and uncertainty, are you bewildered by changing events in Europe – and the part America should play?

"A 'must' for every American who would like to understand what lies behind the headlines."—CHARLES SEYMOUR, President Emeritus, Yale University.

Fire in the Ashes

EUROPE IN MID-CENTURY

THEODORE H. WHITE

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENT, THE REPORTER

FOURTH LARGE PRINTING *At all bookstores, $5.00*

MORROW

***Coming in June* . . . One of the most important, most hopeful books of our time . . . by one of today's great military leaders and strategists . . .**

Strategy for the West

MARSHAL OF THE R.A.F. SIR JOHN SLESSOR, G.C.B., D.S.O., M.C.

A forceful proposal for averting another world war through dynamic military strategy. For everyone interested in the preservation of our political freedom. *June 23. $3.00*

Ask your bookseller to reserve your copy now.

25% Discount
ON ALL BOOKS

(10% on Texts and Technical Books)

***ANY BOOKS YOU CHOOSE**

1) Deduct 25% from list.
2) Add 15¢ per book for postage.
3) Send check or money order.
N.Y.C. residents add 3% tax.

*Only obligation, you agree to buy at least 4 books during first year.

THRIFTY BOOK CLUB
206 West 15th Street
Dept. R, N.Y.C. 11, N.Y.
Phone CHelsea 3-6499

The American Press

A publisher with standards invites your attention. No condescending, misleading promises, no high-pressure sales devices—such as you may already have experienced. Just honest, careful subsidy publishing, by book people—which is rare enough!

Write or mail your manuscript directly:

THE AMERICAN PRESS
Dept. RA, 489 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17

Buy Bonds

Passenger-carrying

FREIGHTERS are the secret of low cost travel

Yes, for no more than you'd spend at a resort, you can take a never-to-be-forgotten cruise to Rio and Buenos Aires. Or through the Canal to either New York or California. Or to the West Indies or along the St. Lawrence River to French Canada. In fact, trips to almost everywhere are within your means.

And what accommodations you get: large rooms with beds (not bunks), probably a private bath, lots of good food and plenty of relaxation as you speed from port to port.

Depending upon how fast you want to go, a round the world cruise can be yours for as little as $250-$300 a month. And there are shorter trips. Fast, uncrowded voyages to England, France, the Mediterranean; two or three week vacations up and down the Pacific Coast or to New Orleans. Name the port and the chances are you can find it listed in "Travel Routes Around the World." This is the book that names the lines, tells where they go, how much they charge, briefly describes accommodations. Hundreds of thousands of travelers all over the world swear by it. Travel editors and travel writers say "To learn how to travel for as little as you'd spend at a resort get 'Travel Routes Around the World.'"

It's yours for just $1, and the big 120 page 1954 edition includes practically every passenger carrying service starting from or going to New York, Canada, New Orleans, the Pacific Coast, Mexico, South America, England, France, the Mediterranean, Africa, the Indies, Australia, the South Seas, Japan, Hawaii, etc. There's a whole section called How to See the World at Low Cost, plus pages and pages of photos and maps.

A big $1 worth, especially as it can open the way to more travel than you ever thought possible. For your copy, simply tear out ad, print name & address, and mail with $1 bill to **HARIAN PUBLICATIONS, 141 PARKWAY, GREENLAWN (LONG ISLAND), NEW YORK.**

BULLFIGHT POSTERS!

Authentic full-color Bullfight Posters, printed in Spain: from Plaza de Toros de Madrid, Granada, Seville, y Valencia. Featuring Spain's most renowned matadors: Manolete, Bienvenida and others. Printed in vivid colors with complete description in Spanish of matadors, dates, bulls. Genuine collectors' items; ideal for den, patio, bar. Each 21" x 40".

2 for $3.00 ppd; complete set of four, $4.00 ppd.
Complete satisfaction guaranteed. Order from Importer:

MANUEL SANCHEZ ANDALUZ
29 Sixteenth Avenue, San Francisco 18, California

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Which I this night require
Look in my eyes and recognize
Whom—Fool! you chose to hire."

A cut-and-name card game follows, with Tom's soul as the stake. After winning twice, Tom hears Anne's voice calling, and names the third card correctly. Shadow, defeated by true love, descends again to Hell, but dooms Tom to madness as he departs. In Bedlam, Tom, believing he is Adonis, calls for Venus. Anne visits him. When he falls asleep, she goes. He awakens, cries out again, dies. Then all the characters, men without wigs, Baba beardless, appear and point the moral:

"For idle hands
And hearts and minds
The Devil finds
A work to do . . ."

ASSESSED on its purely literary merits, the libretto of the *The Rake's Progress* ranks with a handful of the very finest. Few poets at all, and far fewer librettists, have so tremendous a natural command of language as Auden, or so sure a technique. Some of the conversational exchanges may seem commonplace and awkward ("Anne, my dear."/"Yes, Father."/"Your advice is needed in the kitchen"), some of the conceits strained and trifling, some of the double-talk adolescent and giggly, but there is no gainsaying the enormous rhetorical vitality of most of the set pieces. Surely in the history of opera there have been few librettos that read as well.

As theater, however, it cannot be ranked so high. In the first place, a good deal of the language would be hard to understand even if spoken clearly in a small room, either because it is obscurely allusive ("Now is the season when the Cyprian Queen/ With genial charm translates our mortal scene . . .") or because it is figuratively involved (". . . Even in carefree May/ A thriving fortune has its roots of care:/ Attorneys crouched like gardeners to pay,/ Bowers of paper only seals repair . . ."). Sung in Stravinsky's stylized prosody, it is virtually unintelligible.

In the second place, the characters lack human dimension. This may not be valid criticism of a moral fable, but the bare theatrical fact remains that it is difficult to care what happens to Tom or Anne. From the beginning, Tom has no potentiality for becoming anything useful, and his guilty maunderings about true love merely have the effect of making his raking seem glum and spiritless. And Anne—in common with some other operatic heroines, it must be admitted—is about as attractive and interesting as Elsie Dinsmore. Shadow, a sort of Mephistopheles-as-Leporello, has more individuality, but Baba is frankly a grotesque and the rest are pawns.

Whatever theatrical shortcomings the Auden-Kallman libretto has, it is certain that the emphasis on rhetoric and at least part of the lack of detailed characterization are quite

intentional. In effect, the librettists concerned themselves with giving Stravinsky a theatrical framework and beautiful words to set, leaving the focus of attention to the music.

Composer-Conductor

The recorded performance is without doubt not the best there will ever be; singers need time to discover the most efficient ways of dealing with music so inherently tricky. The defining value is in Stravinsky's conducting, not because he is especially talented in that specialized craft but because he has a chance to place his intentions permanently on file: Here is *The Rake's Progress.* I composed it. This is what I intended.

It is not at all the kind of modern music that bewilders the unaccustomed ear with severe dissonances and turbulent, seemingly chaotic orchestration. It is lean, flat-bellied music, scored largely for chamber-orchestra strings and keyboard; two trumpets and two horns are all the brass admitted.

The hearing difficulty of the music (and its continuing fascination) is in its extreme intricacy. Working largely within eighteenth-century formal patterns, Stravinsky has written tunes that are elegant and simple. The sounds are seldom many or loud, but their engineering is as delicate and purposeful as the works of a fine watch. More detail can be heard on the records than in the opera house, and the lack of theatrical presence is actually more than compensated for.

STRAVINSKY'S treatment of the text is the most controversial aspect of *The Rake's Progress,* and since the American premiere it has become fashionable either to dismiss his prosody as bad or defend it as being like that of Mozart and Handel. Neither fashion has much to do with fact. The prosody is anything but inept, anything but careless, anything but meaningless. But neither does it resemble closely the usual eighteenth-century practices.

Stravinsky treats the text as simply another compositional problem—a stipulation accepted in advance, like bar lines or clarinets in the key of A—to be overcome or circumvented. Primarily concerned with sounds rather than meanings, to all intents and purposes he reduces the text to syllabic components and stitches it up in tight, tidy little musical packages. As a result, poetic metrics are seldom paralleled, and so many words are subjected to unusual stresses that the first-time listener without a libretto in hand needs a phenomenal ear to understand what is being sung.

MUCH HAS been made of Stravinsky's classicism, and since *The Rake's Progress* there has grown up in intellectual circles – specifically literary, oddly enough—a sort of cult devoted to the proposition that something definable as "opera" is radically different from and infinitely superior to something definable as "music drama." Mozart, Handel, and Stravinsky are cast as champions of the true and good; the old Verdi, Wagner, Debussy, and

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Puccini as recreants bent on the prostitution (or happy marriage; in this view it comes to the same thing) of music to mere words.

This is a vast oversimplification and a specious distinction, and does no service to an understanding of either Stravinsky or his work. It is true that ever since opera was invented in sixteenth-century Florence by men who believed they were re-creating the chanted theater of ancient Greece, some composers have set greater store than others on the faithful mirroring of the text. Most have compromised. Few have, like Debussy, made the text their first responsibility. But none has bent words to notes in quite the same systematic way as Stravinsky.

The reason is simple: None felt the same need as Stravinsky, born into a generation dominated by Wagner, to rebel against the sprawling emotionalism of the late nineteenth century and to assert the primary importance in musical theater of music—and the primary importance in music itself of economy, logic, and strict form.

Stravinsky's classicism actually amounts to no more or less than a very lively sense of the musical past, a love of order and discipline, and a profound distaste for the idea that music can or should communicate anything but music. He has always found useful materials in the musics of other times and places; he has also always imposed his own personality on them and produced music that is as unmistakably his as paintings by Picasso are unmistakably Picasso's.

The important thing is not the materials consumed but the creative use made of them, and *The Rake's Progress* is a classical opera only in the limited sense that it is *about* that kind of opera as discussed by Stravinsky in his own highly individual twentieth-century musical vocabulary. It is neither a reactionary obeisance to past usages nor a sterile pastiche of borrowed materials. Like Stravinsky's later ballet scores, it is music for the theater, but it is not dependent on a theatrical context for its formal unity.

It is not a work that makes many concessions. It does not woo; it simply exists. But to the listener who will accept the basic assumptions of the composer and make some attempt to follow his logic it is a work that yields a rare and increasing beauty. What seemed at first spare and uncompromising, even perverse or forbidding, becomes with familiarity quite moving, not because the music is working on the passions but because it is pure, serious, apposite, and extremely lovely.

'Operation Bootstrap' For Underdeveloped Countries

1. The New Frontiers

EDWARD POSNIAK

PROBLEMS OF CAPITAL FORMATION IN UNDERDEVELOPED COUNTRIES, by Ragnar Nurkse. *Oxford University Press. $3.*

BEHIND this forbidding title Professor Ragnar Nurkse of Columbia wrestles with one of the crucial problems of our time: How can the underdeveloped countries of the world reach economic maturity and prosperity?

The underdeveloped countries, which contain two-thirds of mankind, are faced with the vicious circle of poverty. Because they are poor, they have few if any savings. Also because they are poor, there is little incentive to invest—because there are few markets. Yet these countries will no longer "accept the state of underdevelopment as an inexorable decree of fate." How can the vicious circle be broken?

Certainly not by money alone, or simply by the use of modern

"IT'S AMAZING WHAT SPARE TIME STUDY OF WRITING CAN DO FOR A MAN"

"Two years ago I was working as a mechanic and wondering what, if anything, the future held. In the past year I have been made editor of a magazine and have been selling articles steadily to other magazines on the side. I have just finished a book. I learned more about practical, effective writing from the Magazine Institute than I did from all the English courses I studied in school. And the precise manuscript criticism is invaluable!"

—*R. W., Stoughton, Mass.**

Thank you, R. W. You are one of the many hundred Magazine Institute students who have discovered that WRITERS make the best teachers of writing. And the Magazine Institute is a home study course in writing which is completely owned, staffed, and operated by successful writers and editors.

Next to writing, these men and women enjoy *teaching others to write.* Their own success, their own constant contact with editors and publishers, is your best assurance of a practical, thorough, and up-to-date training.

**Letter on file.*

The MAGAZINE INSTITUTE
50 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, N. Y. 20, N. Y.
(Licensed by the State of N. Y.)

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, INC.
Dept. 704-F, Rockefeller Center
50 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.
Please send, without obligation, your current catalog to:
Name.....
Address.....
(Inquiries Confidential • No Salesman Will Call)

the audio exchange exchanges audio
the audio exchange exchanges audio
the audio exchange exchanges audio
the audio exchange exchanges audio
Information on trading HI-FI components on request. Write or call for free catalog RE
the audio exchange exchanges audio
the audio exchange inc.
159-19 Hillside Avenue • Jamaica 32, N. Y.
OLympia 8-0445

LINGUAPHONE for LANGUAGES

Learn another language AT HOME as easily, naturally as you learned English long before you went to school. It's like living in another land. With Linguaphone, World's Standard Conversational Method, you Listen — you hear native men and women speak with a 1954 vocabulary — YOU understand — YOU SPEAK—You learn to read and write.
French • Spanish • German
Russian • Italian • Japanese
Portuguese
—29 Languages available
Leaders for 50 Years in Up-to-Date Modern Language Courses. Used the world over by schools, colleges, governments and business firms. Over a million home-study students. Send for FREE BOOK, "Passport to a New World of Opportunity," or call for FREE Demonstration.
LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
157-04 RCA Building, N. Y. 20, N. Y. CI 7-0829

DO YOU WANT A GOOD JOB ABROAD?
Many government, international and private firms employ persons overseas in clerical, teaching, technical and professional capacities and pay all transportation expenses. Get newly revised and up to date edition "Job Opportunities in Foreign Countries" containing detailed information and comprehensive listing of firms for only $1.00. Money back guarantee. OTIS PUBLICATIONS, Box 21A, Alden Manor, Elmont, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

machinery as such. Money alone cannot produce economic development, and may even retard it by producing inflation. In those backward countries where sudden riches have gushed out of oil wells—Venezuela, Iran, Iraq, and Saudi Arabia—the influx of wealth has contributed little to economic development. As to modern technology, it has been found in Chile that a modern rolling mill can produce in three hours a sufficient supply of a certain type of steel shapes to last the country for a year. Again, in a country where the great majority of the people are too poor to wear leather shoes, setting up a modern shoe factory is a doubtful business proposition.

The size of the market is not a matter of geography. If Ecuador had the same level of prosperity and productivity as Switzerland, its domestic market would be sufficient to offer incentives for investment. Nor can wider markets be created merely by abolishing tariffs. When China abolished provincial tariff barriers in 1928, it became the largest and most populous "single market" in the world, and yet remained one of the very poorest.

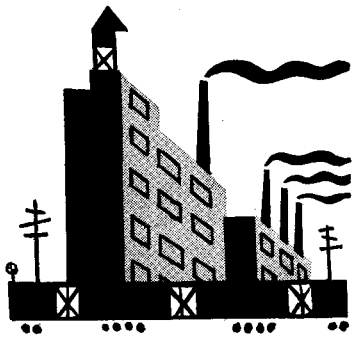
'Whosoever Hath . . .'

Those who point to the absence of internal trade barriers in the United States as an example for other parts of the world stress what Professor Nurkse considers a secondary foundation of American prosperity. A primary foundation is the American level of productivity, due largely to the tremendous amount of capital equipment used in production. This is what constitutes the chief basis of our mass production and our mass market, he believes. "Mass production . . . would not be possible if it did not mean production for the masses."

Contrary to the current emphasis on private investment as a solution to the problems of economic development, the author adduces impressive evidence to show that private investments have tended to shy away from the backward countries. "It looks as if foreign business capital followed the rule that 'to those who have shall be given.'" American direct investments in manufacturing industries abroad have recently gone mostly to western Europe and Canada. Such investments as have gone to the underdeveloped countries have not, in the main, been for the purpose of building up industries but rather to develop sources of raw material such as oil fields, copper mines, and rubber plantations.

Nurkse points out that this situation "does not reflect any sinister conspiracy or deliberate policy, still less any concerted attempt of the rich countries to exploit the poor." The explanation lies, on the one hand, in the poverty of the local consumers and, on the other, in the large markets for raw materials in the world's industrial countries.

There is yet another obstacle to economic development, which Nurkse sums up as follows: "Advertising is the art of creating new wants, and Americans are supremely good at it; no wonder the rest of



the world has a dollar shortage! It is much easier to adopt superior consumption habits than improved production methods."

In debunking certain overadvertised panaceas Nurkse is also exploring what may be more promising, if less glamorous, approaches to economic development.

One such approach lies in the concept of "balanced growth." The small size of the market in the poor countries acts as a barrier to investment in any single line of production taken by itself. But the obstacle disappears when capital is applied to a wide range of different industries. People working with more and better tools in a number of mass-consumption enterprises become each other's customers. The case for "balanced growth" rests on the need for a "balanced diet."

Another approach to economic development lies in the utilization of what Nurkse calls "disguised unemployment." In all the densely populated peasant economies stretching from southeast Europe to southeast Asia, much of the rural labor force could be shifted to industrial production without reducing agricultural output. Since, in the words of Jeremy Bentham, "Labor is the real source of wealth," the supply of capital in the poor countries can be increased by making effective use of this underemployed labor force. The problem here lies mainly in doing this without resorting to totalitarian methods of forced labor and forced food collection. As Nurkse remarks, "the [Soviet] collective farm is not only a form of collective organization; it is above all an instrument of collection."

We're All in It Together

These and other approaches to economic development discussed by Nurkse, such as fiscal policies and public works, are in the realm of internal action. But the author is no advocate of economic isolation. He recognizes it for what it is—as in the case of Soviet development behind an Iron Curtain or China's development behind a Bamboo Curtain—"the defeatist solution." If he stresses domestic action to promote economic development, it is partly to offset recent overemphasis on the international aspects of the question.

Provided the underdeveloped countries take wise and bold action themselves, foreign loans and grants, together with technical assistance, are of the greatest importance in promoting economic development. Nurkse presents an interesting view of the role played by our foreign lending policy in the perspective of history: "The capital exports from the United States in the twentieth century may perhaps be viewed in part as a substitute for the movement of people to the United States, which has been restricted by law. Cheap labor, instead of being allowed to come to the United States to work with American capital, is supplied with American capital abroad." If Mahomet will not come to the mountain, perhaps the mountain will go to Mahomet after all.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2. The Pioneers

HARLAN CLEVELAND

SHIRT-SLEEVE DIPLOMACY: POINT 4 IN ACTION, by Jonathan B. Bingham. *John Day. $4.*

A LITTLE over five years ago as I entered a crowded State Department conference room, the newspapers and the cables from diplomatic posts all over the world were full of excitement about the fourth point of President Truman's Inaugural Address. This was a meeting, said the chairman, to decide two questions: "What sort of a 'bold new program' did the President mean? And what shall we call it?"

Most great political ideas are launched first and worked out afterward. Certainly Mr. Truman's Point Four, which was fitted into a late draft of his Inaugural Address, would never have been uttered if he had asked the experts whether it was feasible. And for eighteen months after his speech, most of the advice he got reflected, not his original intention, but a narrow view and a low horizon.

Anecdotes Plus

Then in October, 1951, Jonathan Bingham joined, as Deputy Administrator, a still undefined program that was still called Point Four simply because nobody was able to think up a short title for "a bold new program for making the benefits of our scientific advances and industrial progress available for the improvement and growth of underdeveloped areas." More than any other one person, Bingham gave the bold new program a shape, a direction, and even a measure of the boldness Mr. Truman had prescribed.

The traditional way to write about Point Four is to tell little stories about little people doing wonderful little things to help themselves. Bingham and others who have tried to interest Congressional committees in technical assistance and economic development discovered early that the arid stretches of testimony about financial needs had to be punctuated by the appearance of tanned and wrinkled American county agents who would describe in earthy language the miracles wrought by "American know-how"

"...we are in their debt."

"...a brilliant and arguable contribution for which we are all in their debt." —*New York Times Book Review*

"(Kinsey's message) is perhaps the most important discovery ever made in the field of human behavior." —*Life*

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE HUMAN FEMALE. By *Alfred C. Kinsey. Wardell B. Pomeroy, Clyde E. Martin, Paul H. Gebhard* and others on the staff of the *Institute for Sex Research* at Indiana University. 842 pages, $8.00 at any bookstore.

W. B. SAUNDERS COMPANY, Philadelphia

BASIC PAMPHLETS ON CURRENT ISSUES #7
BY CORLISS LAMONT
CHALLENGE TO McCARTHY
5¢ per copy
An indispensable document in the battle against McCarthyism

Dr. Lamont's first-hand account of his appearance before the McCarthy Committee in which he tells why he refused to answer McCarthy's questions on the grounds of the First Amendment and the separation of powers.

The pamphlet includes Dr. Lamont's full legal statement before the McCarthy Committee and Dr. Albert Einstein's original letter on Congressional inquisitions.

Other BASIC PAMPHLETS:
#3—The Humanist Tradition **#4—Effects of American Foreign Policy**
#5—Back to the Bill of Rights
Please order above pamphlets by number, enclosing 5¢ per copy, 50¢ for 12 copies, or $1.00 for 30 copies, from
BASIC PAMPHLETS, Dept. 634, Box 42, Cathedral Sta., New York 25, N. Y.

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS INVITED
If you are looking for a publisher send for our free, illustrated booklet titled *To the Author in Search of a Publisher*. It tells how we can publish, promote and distribute your book, as we have done for hundreds of other writers. All subjects considered. New authors welcomed. Write today for Booklet R. It's free.
VANTAGE PRESS, Dept. R, 120 W. 31 St., N. Y. 1
In Calif., 6356 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28

mobikit DESIGN and assemble original MOBILES
For amateur, space poet, child, or restless hand. Ample precision parts, re-usable in endless variety: Steel wires —easy balancing, colored plastic, sheet metal, etc.—$7.95 (add 30¢ to ship, foreign 60¢) no COD. Our instruction book: valuable information for every mobilist—50¢.
MobiProducts Dept. Y Box 261 Bloomington, Indiana

Help The Red Cross

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

among the technologically benighted.

Following this tradition, Bingham uses anecdotes to tell a part of his story; his book is full of wonderful people doing highly interesting things at the grass roots of three continents. But unlike many people who tell the Point Four story this way, he doesn't imply that these stories are an end in themselves. He has the perception and the experience to relate people to politics and production.

Fallacies and Delusions

Thus Bingham complains that the United States has not done much to push land reform. He stresses the dangers in trying to buy gratitude with a "look-what-we're-doing-for-you" publicity effort. He criticizes those who believe whole societies can be changed overnight by the application of American aid—"the almighty dollar fallacy"—and those who think progress comes cheap, giving only technical advice without supplies and equipment to make the advice work—"the bargain-basement delusion." After a persuasive chapter about what private enterprise can—and cannot—do, he suggests a more enterprising search for "a technique of aid falling somewhere between a loan and a grant."

The Eisenhower Administration last year swept away the name Point Four (though it lives on in many languages on three continents) and fired many of the top experts who had been running the show. But more money is being spent this year on technical aid and economic development than was spent in any year under President Truman. The new administrators can learn some hardheaded lessons from *Shirt-Sleeve Diplomacy.*

POINT FOUR didn't turn out to be a technical or economic program: It was a symbol and start of deep cultural changes in three dozen countries. An old Indian in Bolivia put it this way: "I was born in an evil time, as you can see. When I was young, I had to be silent and listen to my elders, and I longed for the day when I should be grown and able to speak with all authority. Now I am old, and lo! I must be silent and listen to my children."

Generals as Politicians

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

THE NEMESIS OF POWER: THE GERMAN ARMY IN POLITICS, 1918-1945, by John W. Wheeler-Bennett. *St. Martin's Press. $12.*

ALTHOUGH IT IS NOW nearly ten years since the event, historians have not yet decided how seriously to take the German generals' revolt of July 20, 1944. Was it a formidable affair that showed there were men of conscience in the officer corps, and did it come within an ace of succeeding? Or was it just another *Putsch* in the tradition of Kapp and the Beer Hall, affirming only the ancient capacity of Germans to talk themselves into romantic, violent, but exceedingly futile enterprises? Not many knew about the revolt until nearly a year after it took place. This has made the task of placing it in history particularly important, for unlike most happenings, this service wasn't rendered automatically by those who write the headlines and news columns.

The best view of this whole episode so far available was published late last year by John W. Wheeler-Bennett, a British historian. The book owes its excellence not only to the author's careful researches but also to the fact that he places the July 20 affair in the full context of the political activities of the German Army in the twenty-seven years following the First World War. It is doubtful if the events of 1944 can be fully understood except in the light of this history. The present comment is meant to be less a review of Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's admirable and often fascinating history than an observation on the way the German generals performed as politicians, with a few asides on generals in politics.

IN MR. WHEELER-BENNETT'S view, the generals' revolt on July 20 was a serious business. It involved a surprisingly large number of leading officers—and the lists of those executed for complicity bear him out. It also had no chance of succeeding. As during the preceding twenty years, whenever German officers concerned themselves with politics, they were weak, indecisive, and generally foolish. The results, as during the preceding two decades, were totally disastrous.

For a few years after the surrender at Compiègne, the German Army avoided overt participation in politics. During this time, under the wise guidance of General Hans von Seeckt, it protected the Weimar Republic and opposed threats to the constitutional authority, even when the threats came—as in the case of von Lüttwitz, the supporter of Kapp, and of Ludendorff, the ally of Hitler—from reactionary members of the officer corps itself.

But, as the 1920's gave way to the 1930's, this period of formal detachment came to an end. Hindenburg, the relatively untarnished symbol of the wartime achievements, had become President. General Kurt von Schleicher, the Field-gray Eminence, became first a kingmaker and then Chancellor. After the advent of Hitler the army had to fight to protect its prestige and privileges from an invasion by the brown battalions. This was followed by efforts to restrain the seemingly premature and reckless adventures of the Führer and, finally, by the efforts of one part of the officer corps to throw Hitler and his minions out and of another part to reinforce his authority and show their loyalty to National Socialism.

Cowardice and Foolish Courage

It would be hard to find anywhere a record of more nearly unmitigated failure. The superficially adroit maneuverings of von Schleicher paved the way for Hitler; the Buddha-like senility of Hindenburg graced the Nazi take-over. Von Schleicher paid for his maneuvering with his life during the blood purge of June 30, 1934. The army on that night won short-run protection from the Sturm-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

abteilung (SA) but at the eventual cost of long-run subjection to the far more formidable power of the Schutzstaffel (SS).

Werner von Blomberg, one of the first high officers to accept a position under Hitler (as Minister of War), saw his career come to a sad end when the Nazis, bent on bringing the generals down to size, produced a merry dossier on the earlier career of his new young wife as a prostitute and picturesque figure on illicit postcards. His heir apparent, the Commander in Chief of the Army, Colonel General Freiherr Werner von Fritsch, was immediately rapped with a false charge of homosexuality.

Those who argued against Hitler's political and military designs on Europe were uniformly overruled. Those who carried their opposition to active conspiracy were, with a handful of highly fortuitous exceptions, shot, garroted, hanged, or suspended to death from a meat hook. Or they forestalled these discomforts by suicide. On the whole, those who remained with Hitler to the end were more fortunate, even though some were taken up for war crimes.

THE REASONS for the failure seem fairly clear. A few of the generals were simply cowards. The most fascinating case was that of General Friedrich Fromm, who, as Commander in Chief of the Home Army with headquarters in Berlin, was obviously a decisive figure for the July 20 affair. He collaborated with the conspirators in the early stages of the revolt, and then, when he saw it was going wrong, set strenuously to work to shoot his erstwhile colleagues to prove his loyalty to Hitler. (Hitler was not fooled and had *him* shot.) General Ludwig Beck, however, the formal leader of the July 20 conspiracy, and Claus von Staufenberg, who planted the bomb near Hitler, were clearly men of rare physical courage.

What the generals lacked was any sense of political direction and objective. A man who has no knowledge and no very profound convictions as to where he is going is by definition incapable of strong, decisive political action. So it was with the German generals. This weakness was reflected in the fatal maneuvering of von Schleicher and the belief that the tiger of National Socialism could somehow be ridden.

The political vacuum in which the generals operated was even better indicated by the preparations for the July 20 affair. These involved not the neglect of politics but an almost childish preoccupation with irrelevant detail. The form and structure of the new Government were discussed at length, as was the orientation between East and West, and there was endless bickering over the assignment of Cabinet posts. With great armies closing in on the Reich from either side, these were matters on which Germany was not likely long to exercise much choice.

In any case, the simple seizure of power from Hitler was obviously the all-important thing, and that operation was halfheartedly planned. On the day itself, the conspirators spent most of the afternoon sitting in the War Ministry on the Bendlerstrasse arguing over what to do next. (At one juncture they were distressed to hear that the radio was still in Nazi hands, although it is not certain they had made any clear plan to seize it.) At nightfall Hitler, who never lacked a sense of political direction, moved in on the conspirators. The futile lists of would-be officeholders served to finger many of his victims.

Citizens Are Not Privates

At least since the time of Julius Caesar the military man has been supposed to have a particularly strong and virile approach to politics. His are the habits of command; he rejects the dalliances and the compromises and the temporizing of the ordinary politician. Especially when times are tough, he is the kind of man who is needed.

Perhaps this myth had its substance when—as with Caesar, Peter the Great, and Napoleon—political capacity required military prowess, and vice versa. There is no indication whatever that the contemporary professional military man is strong-willed and decisive when he gets into politics.

One would expect the Germans to be particularly weak. More than any other nonclerical caste in modern times, the German officer corps was a world unto itself. A member could

"If we choose to remain ignorant of the facts in this great book, we choose a fool's paradise.

. . . If world production is not rapidly raised, and world population growth brought down into balance with it, the opportunity to achieve a secure, humane civilization for mankind may disappear forever."

—H. J. MULLER,
Nobel Prize winner

"Convincingly the author sets forth that only planning on a planetary scale offers a possible way out."

—DR. ALBERT EINSTEIN,
Nobel Prize winner

The CHALLENGE of MAN'S FUTURE

An over-all picture of our chances for civilized survival

BY HARRISON BROWN
$3.75

THE VIKING PRESS
18 East 48th St., N. Y. 17

What is your role in the dictator's climb to power?

George W. F. Hallgarten
author of

WHY DICTATORS?

presents a cogent argument for society's self-awareness of its manipulation by dictators. From Caesar to Stalin, Robespierre to Mao, WHY DICTATORS? makes evident the similarity in technique and form between present-day dictators and ancient tyrants. This thought-provoking study can not be ignored. It is immediately relevant to the democratic scene, and no less a basis for predicting future possibilities throughout the world.

Max Lerner calls it, *"a far-reaching book . . . has an important meaning for our situation in America today."*

$5.50

order through your bookstore or from

The Macmillan Company
60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have pride in his ignorance of politics, business, economics, and other things unbecoming to the general's craft. Accordingly, if one is right in associating political weakness and aimlessness with innocence of the political world, then the German officers would be an extreme case. But the French experience with Weygand and Pétain provides a close parallel. And General de Gaulle has shown an extraordinary capacity for keeping his presumably great political power purely potential.

Since the day of the Duke of Wellington, the British experience with generals in politics has been too slender for analysis, and a good case could be made out that our own generals, by comparison with the continentals, are decidedly a civilian breed. Still, there was General MacArthur—enough of a soldier to have for some a brief canter as a possible man on horseback. General MacArthur's political career, it will now be agreed, was rather inglorious. It involved fighting the wrong battles with the wrong allies at the wrong times. This unfortunate selection may well have been the result of confusing the political strength of allies and the significance of issues with mere capacity to raise a rumpus. Such errors of opportunism can again be attributed to the lack of any clear political goals or purpose. It is significant that Dwight Eisenhower has been most severely criticized not for excessive display of the habits of command but for failure to set a clear course and fight for it.

LACK OF PURPOSE, degenerating into aimlessness, may not be the only source of weakness for the professional soldier in politics. There is also a chance that military command is a poor preparation for politics. In a headquarters, after all, everyone must take orders. An easygoing man can thus give the illusion of great strength. In politics—the American brand before all—there is no compulsion to obey. And the easygoing military man is certain to look ineffectual.

Always allowing for exceptions, we should not expect the product of a professional military career to be a strong and incisive political leader. Our expectations should, in fact, be to the contrary.

Book Notes

A LAYMAN'S LOVE OF LETTERS, by G. M. Trevelyan, O.M. *Longmans, Green. $2.50.*

THE SPACE allotted this note would not suffice even to list the historical works written by G. M. Trevelyan—the *History of England* (available now in the Doubleday "Anchor" series), *England Under Queen Anne, Garibaldi and the Thousand,* and so forth. No one is a more professional historian than Professor Trevelyan, whose father before him was the great biographer of Macaulay.

And yet the specialist in history is an amateur in love with letters: "If I start counting from my nursery days of rapturous devotion to Scott's and Macaulay's Lays at the age of six, I have now for seventy-two years lived and had my being in English literature . . ."

The essays in this civilized book are the Clark Lectures delivered at the University of Cambridge in 1953, and they make up an agreeable although severe admonition. Submerged by contemporary novels, deafened by the uproar over Communism, awed by the premonitory silence that follows each atomic test, we are not reading Byron or Shelley or Keats, Browning or Housman or Meredith. Professor Trevelyan says that "any author who was for a number of years together considered to be a great writer by a large number of the elect spirits of any former age must have some great merit, and if changes of fashion in thought, and in literary taste, now make that merit less obvious, it is none the less there: it is to be sought, or at least it is not to be denied without seeking."

•

THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING, by Norman Vincent Peale. *Prentice-Hall. $2.95.*

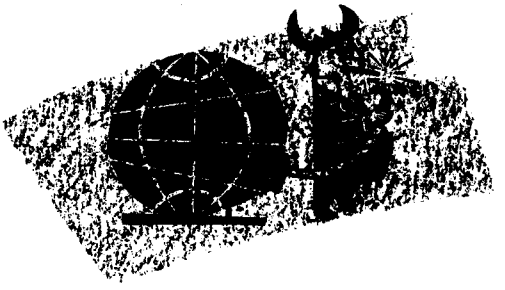
DR. PEALE'S BOOK has now been No. 1 on the New York *Times* nonfiction best-seller list for about a year, which puts it in a class with that other easy road to heaven on earth, *How to Win Friends and Influence People.*

Dr. Peale's formula is astonishingly easy. "Never mention the worst. Never think of it. Drop it out of your consciousness. At least ten times every day affirm, 'I expect the best and with God's help will attain the best.'" If that sentence doesn't work, there are lots of others in the Bible. When somebody comes to Dr. Peale with any kind of unhappiness or neurosis, his unvarying prescription is to select a "positive" sentence from Scripture, and advise the sufferer to carry it around with him and repeat it over and over again.

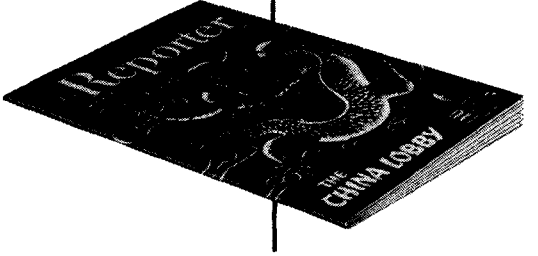
The book's extraordinary success can hardly be merely the result of positive thinking by Dr. Peale and the sales-promotion department of Prentice-Hall. The reason must be that here is the ultimate in How To Do It books. Since books on how to fix your plumbing sell well, it follows logically that books on how to fix your soul sell even better. Dr. Peale teaches "a simple yet scientific system of practical techniques of successful living that works."

Here is a sample: "It is important to eliminate from conversations all negative ideas, for they tend to produce tension and annoyance inwardly. For example, when you are with a group of people at luncheon, do not comment that the 'Communists will soon take over the country.' In the first place, Communists are not going to take over the country, and by so asserting you create a depressing reaction in the minds of others. It undoubtedly affects digestion adversely. The depressing remark colors the attitude of all present, and everyone goes away with a perhaps slight but definite feeling of annoyance. They also carry away with them a mild but definite feeling that something is wrong with everything. There are times when we must face these harsh questions and deal with them objectively and vigorously, and no one has more contempt for Communism than I have, but as a general thing to have peace of mind, fill your personal and group conversations with positive, happy, optimistic, satisfying expressions."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE REPORTER not only covers
the news you need to know
—it often *un*covers important material.
It finds the facts and fits them together
to bring out all their significance.
The China Lobby story,
Wiretapping in America,
A Victim of Nameless Accusers,
The Purgers and the Purged—
these were among the high points
not only in THE REPORTER's first five years,
but in the history
of contemporary journalism as well.
Efforts like these
have won THE REPORTER high praise
from those most qualified to give it,
men like Adlai Stevenson, for example,
who said of THE REPORTER
"I have yet to see anything better edited,"
and Representative Jacob K. Javits
of the House Foreign Affairs Committee,
who said "THE REPORTER promises to fill
an important place in the consideration of our
governmental policies and to be one of the
most distinguished journals of our day."
If you want a thorough and continuous
understanding of world affairs, the surest way
to get it is to subscribe to THE REPORTER.
Take advantage of our special introductory rate
—only $2.67 for the next 18 issues
—by mailing the insert card now.
Your friends will enjoy THE REPORTER too
—so why not surprise them with
a gift subscription?



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

recommends these books for thoughtful readers

NOTE: These are all recent Selections or Alternates, and they illustrate the wide range of choice members have every month.

SEVEN YEARS IN TIBET *by Heinrich Harrer*
SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS $3.95
The true story of a young European who crossed the Himalayas into Tibet where he became the tutor and confidant of the 14-year-old Dalai Lama. "Like the voyage of the Kon-Tiki, deserves to take its place among the few great travel stories of our own times." Illustrated.

CRESS DELAHANTY *by Jessamyn West* **$3.75**
A story of an adolescent girl. "Those still capable of feeling the sadness, the absurdity and the beauty of the business of growing up," said Clifton Fadiman, "will find it a book worth treasuring in that library of libraries, the heart."

THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST *by Sir John Hunt*
SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS $4.95
The leader of the British Expedition tells the heroic story of how the summit of Mount Everest was reached. "A classic," says Justice William O. Douglas. "It will lift the hearts of men as long as there are mountains." Photographs and maps.

THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS *by Ewen Montagu* **$2.75**
"Not a Poe or a Conan Doyle could have imagined a more breathtaking tale" than this true account of an incredible hoax carried out by British Intelligence officers—one that completely fooled Hitler and his High Command, undoubtedly shortened the war and saved countless American lives.

THE GREAT IRON SHIP *by James Dugan* **$3.50**
The fantastic but true story of the *Great Eastern*, launched in 1858 and the unluckiest ocean liner of all time. "A monstrous but true episode of the high Victorian days . . . mightily entertaining and sometimes hilariously funny."

THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS *by Charles A. Lindbergh*
SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS $3.95
Twenty-six years after his flight to Paris, Charles Lindbergh has written the full story of those thirty-three hours. "A magnificent literary achievement," reported John Marquand.

THE CAINE MUTINY *by Herman Wouk* **$3.95**
The 1952 Pulitzer Prize novel, this suspenseful story continues to be a national best-seller.

VERMONT TRADITION *by Dorothy Canfield Fisher*
SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS $3.95
This proud story of Vermonters, written by one of America's most beloved writers, has received high critical praise. It celebrates "the worth of a free people who have stamped the American nation as a whole with something of their character."

FIRE IN THE ASHES *by Theodore H. White*
SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS $3.95
The Club's judges were unanimous in regarding *Fire in the Ashes* as both the most important and the most enlightening book about Europe—and how it affects the future of America—that has been written in the past decade.

TOO LATE THE PHALAROPE *by Alan Paton* **$3.50**
By the author of *Cry, the Beloved Country*, this is another remarkable novel of present-day South Africa, told with great power. The book deals primarily with a young man's transgression against the rigid Afrikaner code of racial segregation.

SAYONARA *by James A. Michener* **$3.50**
"Not so much a love story as a story about love . . . a beautiful and profound book," wrote Pearl Buck. The hero is an American officer in Japan, the heroine a Japanese actress.

THE AGE OF THE MOGULS *by Stewart H. Holbrook*
SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS $3.95
Vanderbilt, Carnegie, Rockefeller, Ford, Morgan, Gould—these and some 50 others are the moguls with whom Mr. Holbrook deals. "The most wonderful, gaudy, and appalling chapter in America's history."

THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY *by Ernest K. Gann* **$3.50**
A novel about the air, with the same unusual quality of excitement that made *The Caine Mutiny* so popular. It begins with the routine details of a flight and ends in crisis that touches disaster.

THE SILENT WORLD *by Captain J. Y. Cousteau, with Frélèric Dumas* **SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS $3.95**
An account of undersea discovery and adventure by the first men to swim with the freedom of fish at record depths. This book complements Maurice Herzog's *Annapurna*. "Both are chronicles of the courage and resourcefulness of Frenchmen in conflict with nature"—*The New York Times*. 103 photographs; 20 in full color.

ANNAPURNA *by Maurice Herzog*
SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS $3.95
The heroic story of the conquest, by a French expedition to the Nepalese Himalayas, of one of the highest mountains ever climbed. "The most beautiful chapter in mountain literature that I know"—Justice William O. Douglas. Photographs by Marcel Ichac.

THE SILVER CHALICE *by Thomas B. Costain* **$3.85**
Special de luxe edition designed by Fritz Kredel. This story of the Cup of the Last Supper has been on best-seller lists for months and more than 2,000,000 copies have been sold.

A STILLNESS AT APPOMATTOX *by Bruce Catton*
SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS $3.95
A winner of the 1954 National Book Award, this account of the last heartbreaking year of the Civil War has received the highest critical acclaim. "One of the great achievements in the historical literature of our time."—Henry Steele Commager.

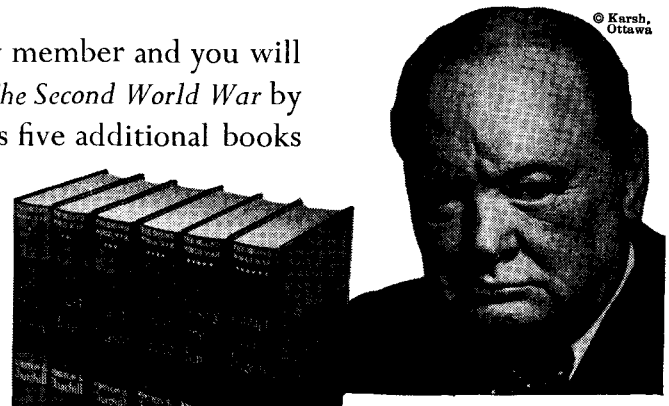
THE ADVENTURES OF AUGIE MARCH *by Saul Bellow*
SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS $3.95
Fiction winner of the 1954 National Book Award. "Here is a block-buster of a novel," reported Clifton Fadiman. "There has been nothing like it since the debut of Thomas Wolfe."

THE COMPLETE SHORT STORIES OF W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM (2 Vols.)
SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS $5.95
This handsome new set contains all the short stories he has written, among them *The Letter, The Kite, The Book-Bag, The Alien Corn, A Woman of Fifty* and *Rain*. The author has provided specially written prefaces for this edition. Two volumes, boxed. 91 stories. 1600 pages.

THE SEA AROUND US *by Rachel L. Carson* **$3.50**
"A magnificent achievement which will give every reader the thrill of discovery," said Admiral Byrd. "It introduces the human race to its true ancestral cradle, the ocean," reported Clifton Fadiman.

THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA *by Ernest Hemingway* **$3.00**
The 1953 Pulitzer Prize novel and "one of the best stories Hemingway ever wrote." It seems destined to rank among the classics of our lifetime.

BUY ANY ONE OF THE ABOVE BOOKS as a new member and you will receive **FREE,** immediately, the six volumes of *The Second World War* by Winston Churchill—if you agree to buy as few as five additional books during the year. . . . This offer is made as a demonstration of the Club's remarkable Book-Dividend system explained below.



NOTE TO PRESENT MEMBERS: If you want these six volumes as regular BOOK-DIVIDENDS, write for information as to how this may be arranged.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A1054A
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.* I am to receive, free, THE SECOND WORLD WAR by Winston Churchill, in six volumes, with the purchase of my first selection. I agree to purchase at least six monthly Selections—or Special Members' Editions—during the first year I am a member. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six selections from the Club. After my first year as a member, I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. The price to be charged for each book will never be more than the publisher's price, and frequently less. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME:

_____
(Choose one of the books listed above)

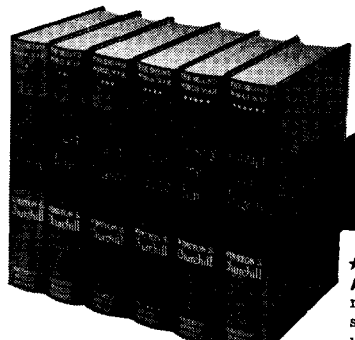
Name.....
(Please PRINT Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone No. (if any) ..... *State*.....

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

**Trade-Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and in Canada.*



CONDITIONS OF THIS SPECIAL OFFER

★ **YOU AGREE TO BUY AS FEW AS SIX BOOKS** within your first year of membership from among the Club's Selections and Special Members' Editions. During the year at least 100 good books will be made available to you, from which you may choose. You receive a careful advance description of each selection and if you think it is a book you would *not* enjoy, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book you may want. Or you may say: "Send me nothing."

★ **BOOK-DIVIDENDS... WHAT THEY ARE:** After buying six books you will receive a Book-Dividend* with every second book you buy—a beautiful or useful library volume. This member profit-sharing is similar to what happens in any consumer co-operative. A fixed percentage of what each member pays is set aside in a special fund. This is finally invested in enormous editions of other books, the Book-Dividends sent *free* to members. The six Churchill volumes may be considered "advanced Book-Dividends" for the six books you engage to buy.

★ **YOU MAY CANCEL YOUR MEMBERSHIP** any time after buying six books. Membership in the Club is for no fixed period, continuing until notice of cancellation is received.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED